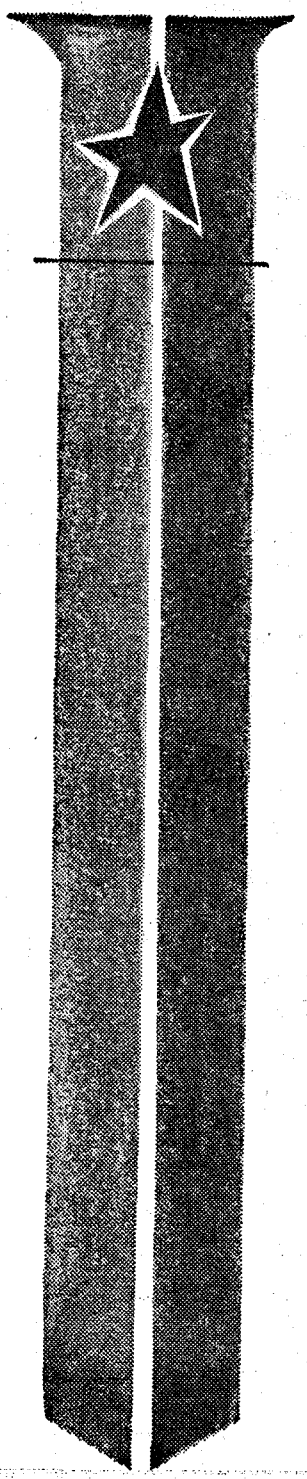
GOLDWATER and COLORADO U.: *Lawrence G. Weiss*

THE NATION

*DECEMBER 8, 1962 . . 25c*



# CONFLICTS in AMERICAN CATHOLICISM

**Russell W. Gibbons**

# SAVINGS & LOAN

## *The 4¾% Bonanza*

**Kenneth Young**

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# LETTERS

## Nomination

*Dear Sirs:* I should like to propose that the next name to be included in the Hall of Fame be that of one who embodies America's best qualities—who fought for equal rights for all minorities, who dedicated a lifetime to peace among the peoples of the earth, and who in her self signaled the remarkable advancement of women—Anna Eleanor Roosevelt.

*New York City* EVE MERRIAM

## Complaint Canceled

*Dear Sirs:* From poetry editor to poet:

Don't send me a ballad with a
space-fill refrain,
Don't send in a time-kill hokku or
quatrain.
No triplets, no couplets, no
single-line strain.
It's "Lay off, MacDuff! the title's
enough."

I had just written the above, when your November 24 issue arrived with no less than eight poems, ranging from thirteen to twenty-three lines apiece, and adding up to a total of 144. What more can I do than send in my exactly mistimed protest with apologies and congratulations?

*Lake Hill, N.Y.* HELEN WOLFERT

## Cuba and Counterforce

*Dear Sirs:* I read and reread with great interest Charles D. Bolton's masterly analysis of the Cuban crisis (*The Nation,* November 17). Mr. Bolton points out with great clarity that the Cuban crisis had its origins in our adoption of a counterforce strategy in the last twelve months, and that the "success" of the President's moves in this crisis may lead to "a complete cessation of a meaningful political dialogue in the United States." . . . But . . . Mr. Bolton criticizes those peace groups which protested the blockade and talks about "the misguided demonstrations of a few." He seems to have lost sight of the social and psychological factors required to keep the dialogue alive. I urge him to reread the editorial "Don't Keep Your Mouth Shut!" in the November 10 issue of *The Nation.* I. ZIFERSTEIN, M.D.

*Los Angeles, Calif.*

*Dear Sirs:* May I offer one criticism of Charles D. Bolton's brilliant article? He labels the Russian dispatch of missiles to Cuba as a case of either "recklessness" or "miscalculation." I suggest that, in view of the American acceptance of the doctrine of counterforce strategy, the Russian decision indicates desperation rather than folly. They have probably concluded that the Pentagon intends to go to war and that they have no good choices left. So they made the bitter decision, admirably described by Mr. Bolton, to try their desperate deterrent fling. WILLIAM DOYLE

*Berkeley, Calif.*

*Dear Sirs:* I thought Charles D. Bolton's analysis of the Kennedy-McNamara-Pentagon strategy was careful and acute. But his assignment to the peace movement of the role of "keeping the political dialogue open" and "broadening the realm of the possible" rests, in my opinion, on a rather shaky assumption, i.e., that there actually *is* a dialogue on foreign policy (as regards ends) at the decision-making level. . . . I think that the assumption about the dialogue is particularly dangerous. What it says, in effect, is that everything is still fine and sound in the good old liberal democratic system, that there really is a difference between the goals of the military leaders and the political leaders (not to mention the economic ones), and that ultimately all these leaders are responsible to the people and responsible to popular movements.

Phrases like "checks and balances" and "consent of the governed" spring to mind—only to tail off into meaninglessness when confronted by the realities of modern propaganda and mass manipulation. . . . THOMAS J. LYON

*Albany, Calif.*

*Dear Sirs:* The difficulty of protecting Western Europe without announcing a counterforce policy is greater than appears from Charles D. Bolton's excellent article. The dangers inherent in the present pattern of world power are all the greater because such a counterforce strategy is not necessarily, in the first instance, a counter-*nuclear*-force strategy.

The present Soviet submarine fleet is much larger than that possessed by Germany at the outbreak of either World War I or World War II. Even if Soviet submarines are equipped only with (improved) conventional weapons, the West could not long sustain a conventional war in Europe without attacking Soviet submarine pens. Some of these pens are doubtless located near centers of civilian population and the only effective attack on them would be by nuclear bombs.

The open questions are whether the Soviet Union would consider such an attack as a first strike warranting the launching of its counter-city nuclear missiles and whether the United States, fearing that the Soviet Union would so decide, would go on to attack the Soviet's missile sites.

I do not understand how, in an other-

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THE NATION

# EDITORIALS

## Revolution in Reverse

To deny that the United States has undergone a beautiful, bountiful, bloodless social revolution is rank heresy, bordering on the un-American. Since the end of World War II, the most authoritative media, from *Fortune* down, have been assuring us that classes have been practically abolished, or that they remain only in vestigial form. Except for insignificant fringe groups at the top and bottom, we are supposed to be one big, happy middle-class family. Best of all, in contrast to the Russian, Chinese and Cuban revolutions, this has been accomplished without a single head being raised aloft on a pikestaff.

It is sad to report that this tenet of the American faith is largely a myth. The debunking, moreover, is not the work of some malcontented publication, but of *The New York Times*, which combines respect for truth with affluence. As Christmas approaches, the Sunday edition can hardly be lifted without a crane, but despite this enviable volume of advertising, the *Times*, in its November 11 magazine section, printed an article titled, "Is the Income Gap Closed? 'No!'" It is by Herman P. Miller, an income specialist of the Bureau of the Census, and it is an eye-opener.

The figures, Miller says, are "clear, unambiguous, and contrary to widely held beliefs." Shares in income have remained practically constant for nearly twenty years. The proportion received by the families of the top 5 per cent declined from 30 per cent of the total in 1929 to 21 per cent in 1944, then it held steady. It is now 18 per cent *after* federal taxes. The poorest 20 per cent, who received 4 per cent of total income in 1935, rose to a resplendent 5 per cent in 1944, and that was it. They are still 20 per cent and they still get 5 per cent. The shares of the fifths in between have likewise remained remarkably stable since 1944, except for the second fifth, which has been and still is on the upgrade.

Miller explores other phases of the ameliorative myth and explodes one after another. White-nonwhite differentials have not narrowed. Pay differentials among managers, skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled workers narrowed during the forties, but in the decade of the fifties the trend was sharply reversed. In sum, our social revolution, such as it was, ended nearly twenty years ago; yet, Miller points out, influential segments of the public, including high government officials, think and act as if it had never stopped.

The myth has a simple basis. The second fifth of the population — the well-to-do but not wealthy — is the group at which the loudest luxury advertising is aimed. It can afford the "big-ticket" cars and appliances; it will "trade up" with or without persuasion. That this upper middle class should be the darlings of those with something expensive to sell is natural enough, but the leaders and molders of public opinion have an obligation to be more discerning.

If inequalities, masked by a certain level of prosperity, are actually on the increase, a major political problem arises. Especially at a time when tax revision is in prospect, we cannot afford to be beguiled by roseate visions. The facts call for a Kefauver-type investigation to clarify and dramatize the issues.

## The 'Lesser Evil'

*Paris*

General political apathy, combined with the failure of the anti-Gaullist vote to unite, gave the General his remarkable victory in the French elections. Seasoned political observers here are still talking about the fact that 30 per cent of France's eligible voters stayed away from the polls — a percentage far higher than any recorded during the Third or Fourth Republics. As to the unity of de Gaulle's opponents: How could one really expect the ultra-conservative "Independents" to gang up with, say, the Socialists, not to speak of the Communists? The example of a die-hard, right-wing paper like *L'Aurore*, was extremely significant. After having thundered for days against de Gaulle's dictatorial ambitions and defending the sanctity of democracy and parliamentary government, it turned to talk about the deadly danger of communism — and ended up by calling the Gaullists the "lesser evil." Other mass-circula-

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tion papers like *Figaro* took a similar line, while *France-Soir*, with the largest circulation of all, pretended to be impartial but subtly supported the Gaullists.

The purely tactical arrangements made between the Communists and Socialists "to keep the Gaullists out" were singularly half-hearted, in most cases. The tremendous enthusiasm among Popular Front voters in 1936, when they decided to "keep the Fascists out," was completely lacking this time. Now it was a purely tactical arrangement, no more; and thanks to it, the Communists have forty-one seats in the National Assembly, instead of ten, and the Socialists sixty-five instead of forty-one. In fact, this half-hearted attempt at a Popular Front cut both ways: on the one hand, the Socialists and Communists did gain seats; on the other hand, the Communist scare — worked up by the press and on radio and TV — drove quite a number of normally anti-Gaullist voters into the Gaullist camp.

Not that even this limited experiment in unity may not prove important in the future — especially if de Gaulle were to attempt to turn authoritarian.

The General, with more than 250 Gaullists in the Assembly, will have a parliamentary majority, albeit a sheepish one. French intellectuals are particularly distressed about this. Typical is the reaction of M. Beuve-Méry, editor of the *Monde*, who anxiously wonders whether de Gaulle will do all the right things to restore a proper "balance of power," without which there can be no "modern Republic"; or whether (as Beuve-Méry fears) de Gaulle will now act increasingly in a megalomaniac way, become increasingly intolerant of opposition and, ultimately, play into the hands of the Fascist elements included in his motley crew of opportunist followers. In such a case, *Monde's* editor points out, the Communists will, in the end, become the center of the whole Opposition.

Moreover, Beuve-Méry goes on to suggest, will not de Gaulle think himself more than ever the incarnation of France — and lose even more of his limited sense of proportion when it comes to international affairs?

ALEXANDER WERTH

## Not Too Much Freedom, However

When Howard K. Smith and James C. Hagerty put on the TV program in which Alger Hiss suggested that Richard M. Nixon was motivated by political ambition, they first received a lambasting, then a pleasant surprise. The Schick Safety Razor Company and the Kemper Insurance Company tried to cancel their contracts with the American Broadcasting Company. This was a little too raw; besides, it endangered the whole broadcasting industry. All the networks rallied behind ABC, and were joined by Newton N. Minow, the crusading chairman of the Federal Communications Commission. Jim Hagerty was hailed not only as a champion of free speech, but a great liberal. He must have been surprised.

The entire industry, however, did not remain on this high moral plane very long. The Columbia Broadcasting System did, but in this instance the industry failed to rally. Columbia had put on a program (in September, before the ABC Nixon program) called *Teen-Age Smoker*. The point was made that advertising was responsible for introducing young people to the cigarette habit. The tobacco industry made its usual protest, to no avail.

Last month, LeRoy Collins, former governor of Florida, complimented CBS on its broadcast. "Can we," he asked, ". . . in good conscience ignore the fact that progressively more and more of our high-school age — and lower — children are now becoming habitual cigarette smokers? The most recent statistics . . . point out that 20 per cent of boys have started smoking in the ninth grade, and almost 30 per cent of all girls smoke before they are graduated from high school. We also know that this condition is being made continually worse under the promotional impact of advertising designed primarily to influence young people." (The impact, incidentally, was noted in a *Nation* article by David Cort, August 15, 1959, p. 69.)

Nobody could object to this expression of legitimate concern on the part of a public figure — but Governor Collins is also head of the National Association of Broadcasters (NAB), and he suggested corrective measures on the part of the industry. The trouble with that idea is that, from TV alone, the industry derives over $100 million a year in cigarette advertising revenue. The NBC chairman, Clair McCollough, termed the comments "a little inadvisable" and made it clear that these were the opinions of Governor Collins, not of the NBC board. Mr. McCollough also made it clear that the NAB had no present intention of adding tobacco amendments to its ethical code. ABC promptly concurred. Collins and CBS are very much alone. Where $100 million a year is involved, businessmen must tread cautiously, and the majority of broadcasters are businessmen first, last and all the time.

## Piling It Up

Like the arms budget, the national stockpile of strategic materials can move in only one direction — up. If fortune favors, it may move sideways. In the December 12, 1959, issue of *The Nation* Edward W. Ziegler, a former McGraw-Hill editor, wrote on "The Cold War in Storage: $8 Billion Stockpile Fiasco." He wrote too soon. Last August the hoard spiraled another $7.4 million, despite the astonishment, verging on consternation, expressed by President Kennedy in January.



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The stockpile is adequately varied, that much can be said for it. It now comprises 96 materials, ranging from hog bristles to opium. The present value is reckoned at $7.7 billion, or just under where it was in 1959, but by all indications it will rise, especially if uranium is included. The Atomic Energy Commission has announced its intention to purchase $200 million worth of uranium ore later in this decade, although it already has a surplus. We can always prepare to overkill the Russians by a few hundred per cent more.

There may be some consolation in the fact that the strategic stockpile is only a fraction of the total stockpiling of our country, as great in its extravagances as in its unusable output. Counting all U.S. storage programs — strategic materials, farm surplus, machine tools and Civil Defense — Uncle Sam now has $14.2 billion in stock. Senator Byrd's Joint Committee on Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures reports that storage costs alone will add up to $407.2 million in fiscal 1962, or more than $1.1 million a day. Strategic materials are about 10 per cent higher than the farm surplus. Also according to the Byrd Committee, the government is overstocked in 65 of 76 items for which maximum objectives have been fixed. Looking on the bright side of things, we may rejoice at all 11 strategic materials which, by whatever criterion the stockpile bureaucracy reckons such things, are not overstocked.

Although the strategic stockpile may horrify Senator Byrd, most Congressmen are wary of tampering with it. For one thing, there is the danger of being accused of lack of vigilance in the defense of freedom. This charge may come from any group or individual that owns a material which, if the government disposed of its surplus, might decrease in value. The same wariness is shown by the custodians of the various sub-piles in the total pile. "All we want is authority to dispose of this stuff in an orderly way," one official insisted. "We don't want to upset anybody if it can be helped."

The stockpile was amassed partly for strategic reasons, and partly for business reasons. There were surpluses which business was glad to sell to the government. Thus the business surplus, leading to lower prices, became a government surplus stabilizing prices. But if the surplus is incontinently disposed of, it will depress the market. All this tells a good deal about the free American economy.

## A Good Week for Juggernaut

The public memory is notoriously short, but the "missile gap" of yesteryear still exists, only in reverse. Now, we are told by the same news weeklies which cried in anguish at the imminent destruction of the United States, it is Khrushchev who must have the nightmares, because any time we choose we can obliterate the Soviet Union in thirty minutes by *our* missiles. We have over 400 capable of reaching the Soviet Union, while they have only 125 capable of reaching the United States. To gladden American hearts still more, the Institute for Strategic Studies estimates that, in a matter of two years, the United States lead in long-range missiles should climb to 10 to 1, or some such comfortable ratio.

Under the circumstances, one would think that there might be a degree of relaxation on the part of our tax-eating strategists, but in the week just past they have outdone themselves. We must lead not only in missiles, but in everything, and several aeronautical plums were handed out to deserving contractors. Outstanding was the TFX supersonic fighter, which went to a General Dynamics-Grumman team. With its movable wing structure, the TFX will be able to obtain maximum lift in takeoff and maximum speed in flight. It will be used by the Air Force and, with some modifications, by the Navy. Cost estimates for the project, including test models and production, vary between $2 billion and $4 billion.

When you come down to it, even $2 billion is not so bad, especially as General Dynamics is scarcely over its 1961 loss of $143 million, the aftermath of a disastrous venture in civilian-aircraft production. The award will enable General Dynamics to "stabilize" employment at its Fort Worth, Texas, plant at the present level of about 11,000. Grumman, the junior partner on Long Island, will add to its work force, especially as it obtained a $350 million contract for the lunar ferry vehicle only a few weeks ago. The division of rewards is generally credited to Vice President Johnson for Fort Worth, and Senators Keating and Javits for Long Island.

Losing bidders may hope to get a share in the spoils as subcontractors. "This was a tough contest, and one which we hate to lose," said Edward C. Wells, a Boeing vice president. But, as *Time* puts it, Boeing cannot poor-mouth very convincingly. It has lucrative contracts for Minuteman missiles, the major part of the Saturn booster (projected cost, $300 million), the X-20 Dyna-Soar and, in the not too distant future, the RS-70 reconnaissance-strike bomber and the Mach 3 airliner confidently expected to follow. Boeing shall not want, and Senator Jackson's efforts will be rewarded as those of his distinguished colleagues from New York have been rewarded.

The resultant American arms budget may, to be sure, cause misgivings not only in the Kremlin but among the neutrals who do not like the prospect of being caught in the middle of a thermonuclear war. But who cares, as long as Juggernaut rolls on and Fort Worth and Long Island will have a merry Christmas.



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# Conflicts In Catholicism . . *by Russell W. Gibbons*

ON OCTOBER 13, at the campus of Loyola University of Los Angeles, a group of pamphlet-toting people invaded the organizational meeting of a Southern California chapter of the Catholic Council on Civil Liberties. As Thomas Francis Ritt, the council's national president, later reported: "The ultra-Rightists invaded our meeting. There were pickets. Standing on chairs, ranting and raving, they refused to allow an orderly session. The result was that we were unable to organize and the meeting broke up in confusion."

The leaders of the elements who broke up the session are known as "Mindszentyites," members of a Far Right organization called the Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation. Formed in "cells" on a parish level throughout the Midwest and strong in California, they are also known as the "Catholic John Birch Society." Elsewhere in the country, notably the Northeast, Catholics of ultra-conservative outlook have been attracted to the Birch Society itself.

The Loyola incident was one of the few public manifestations of a running cold war now splitting American Catholics. Frightened by the emergence and new respectability of the liberal "social apostolates" among their fellow Catholics, the Rightists have joined in an unholy alliance with fundamentalist Protestants who only yesterday were warning of the "Whore of Babylon."

A few days after the California meeting, more than one hundred Catholic and Jewish leaders met at St. John Vianney Seminary in East Aurora, New York, for a day of what has come to be called "the dialogue" in the interfaith movement. Held under the auspices of a bishop, the session itself marked a startling trend in a Church which, twenty years previously, had been forced to tolerate the shrillest voice of anti-Semitism in the United States: the Royal Oak "radio priest," Father Charles E. Coughlin.

Addressing the conclave, Sister Joan, a member of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur and head of the history department at Washington's Trinity College, suggested that two distinct traditions had developed in the American Catholic community: "that of St. Thomas More" and another in the "tradition of Don Quixote." The new American Catholicism, she hastened to say, is in the tradition of the English saint who lost his head after defying the witch hunt of his day.

Ten years ago, the "Don Quixotes" were considered to be the voice of the Church by non-Catholic Americans. Their most prominent spokesman was the late Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin, who had as much understanding of the social encyclicals of the Popes as he did of the Bill of Rights. Today another Senator McCarthy is being honored in Catholic circles: Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota, an outspoken liberal who is also an articulate layman.

THE "Don Quixotes" are now lashing out at this new liberalism that has swept them from the influence which they enjoyed in the "immigrant Church" and its Americanized successor. And, in the process, they have not hesitated to attack the spiritual head of all Catholics, along with the most prominent layman the Church has ever produced in the United States.

Perhaps the one thing which galvanized the old guard in the American Church into protest was the issuance, in June of 1961, of Pope John XXIII's encyclical, *"Mater et Magistra."* This social document shook the foundations of entrenched Catholic reaction from Spain to Peru and sent its American counterparts to cover. Panic-stricken Birchite parishioners called their pastors in wealthy suburbs of Chicago and Los Angeles, demanding to know if the Pope had also been taken in by the international Communist conspiracy.

Some pastors, themselves horrified by the Pope's use of the term "socialization," reassured their congregations that they need not fear, or take too seriously, this declaration of the Supreme Pontiff of Roman Catholicism. The Catholic editor of the *National Review* printed this characterization of the encyclical: "a venture in triviality."

THE ELECTION of John F. Kennedy two years ago signaled an earlier alarm among the neo-Coughlinites. For half a century, Catholics had formed the mass base of the Democratic Party machine, and the know-nothings in this bloc had gained some comfort in the realities of the dominant Protestant culture, which might elect Catholics to its Congress and even make them Supreme Court Justices, but which drew the line at the Presidency. Kennedy's victory marked a break with this tradition, but it also proved dramatic evidence of the revolution taking place in Catholic America.

The senior Kennedy had made certain that his sons would be no products of Boston parochialism. After Harvard, John F. Kennedy sat not under the tutelage of the Jesuits, but of Harold Laski at the London School of Economics; his Catholicism has always remained his personal business (as he has since demonstrated to the Protestant ministers of Houston and to the Catholic bishops over the federal aid-to-education issue). The Catholic Right was denouncing Kennedy even before his nomination; by the twists of American politics, ultra-Right forces in the Church merged with fundamentalist Protestants to make up a strong neo-McCarthyite movement. On the other hand, Protestant churchmen who in 1960 were questioning the credentials of John F. Kennedy, today are part of the center-liberal coalition backing him.

*"Mater, Si! Magistra, No!"* (the Church is "Mother, Yes! Teacher, No!") was the frantic reaction of the Catholic Right to the Pope's encyclical; and with this rallying cry there was a regrouping of forces under the old banner of anti-communism. Ignoring the fact that Pope John, while he urged socialization, aid to developing nations and sup-

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port for specialized UN agencies, did not once mention communism, these forces have renewed a militant crusade in the tradition of Father Coughlin and Joseph McCarthy.

CATHOLICS, as part of the Democratic-liberal-labor combination of the New Deal, participated in the social revolution of the thirties. But they did so as a bloc in the machine of the big-city Democratic Party, and never as a conscious partner in the liberal movement. The Communist issue was the factor which estranged most Catholics from their fellow workers in the New Deal. While a few outstanding individual leaders like Phil Murray of the CIO were part of the wedding with the Communists, working with them because they knew that survival of labor's gains demanded it, most Catholics remained aloof from the liberal movement, thus maintaining the stereotype of American Catholic reaction.

Thus when McCarthy and the House Committee on Un-American Activities went on the rampage in the fifties, there was little criticism in most of the publications and organizations of the Church. And there was little sympathy for Bishop Oxnam when he was publicly mauled at a Congressional Red hunt. Later, when two Catholic archbishops were described as Communist "dupes" in testimony before the same committee, the same Catholic press expressed no more than quiet disbelief.

Yet, according to political scientist James T. Shenton, more than a hundred of 106 American bishops voted for Roosevelt in 1936—the year in which Father Coughlin joined forces with the Townsend Plan and Gerald L. K. Smith to field a Social Justice Presidential ticket.

Catholic reaction has many faces, and it represents an important (though not dominant) part of the new American Radical Right:

¶In Milwaukee, Wis., a variety of Catholic Birchism called The Theresians is active. They take their motto from Joan of Arc: "I will drive the strangers from the land." For The Theresians, the "strangers" are liberals, professors, advocates of the UN, foreign aid and the advisers of President Kennedy. They accept the magic year 1973 as "Red take-over time," a formula used with success by Australian evangelist Fred Schwarz.

¶In St. Louis, the Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation operates a far-flung propaganda mill for its estimated 3,000 cells or "study groups" throughout the country. The chancery office of the St. Louis Archdiocese informs those who ask about the "Mindszentyites" that they are without status. The foundation uses Government Printing Office publications order forms listing HUAC releases for its "study courses."

¶*The Tablet*, weekly organ of the Diocese of Brooklyn (New York), is the most widely read mouthpiece of the Right, both Catholic and non-Catholic. The prewar Eastern voice of Father Coughlin and his Christian Front, it has a reporter assigned to "subversive activities" and carries on a running war with liberal Catholics while praising Franco, Salazar and Batista.

¶In the Los Angeles Archdiocese, where such Catholic Action organizations as the Catholic Interracial Council and the Young Christian Workers are virtually *persona non grata,* the chancery office has not protested the open participation of some clergy in John Birch Society activities. Other priests have been quasi-official representatives at the rallies of Fred Schwarz, and the official publication of the Archdiocese has recommended Robert Welch's *American Opinion* and other far-Right organs.

THESE ARE the high spots of the Catholic Right, although, of course, other pro-Right activities may take place in Knights of Columbus halls or at parish meetings, where anti-communism has ready acceptance.

Ironically, the Birchite with the widest audience is not its leader, Welch, but a secular priest in the Diocese of Pittsburgh, the Rev. Richard Ginder. Father Ginder has been broadcasting the Ultra line for years through a column he calls "Right or Wrong" in the widely circulated *Our Sunday Visitor* press, which is available in the vestibules of thousands of churches every Sunday.

A member of the ruling council of the John Birch Society, Father Ginder writes in the tradition of Father Coughlin. "The Reds don't want you to organize a group of 'radical right-wingers,'" he tells his readers, "so go ahead and do it. Write Dean Manion for instructions."

Clarence E. Manion is a fellow member of the Birch Society council and one of the original founders of the quasi-secret organization. A former dean of Notre Dame Law School and disgruntled appointee under the Eisenhower administration, he is now in full-time service for the Ultras with a weekly radio program, the *Manion Forum.* Manion can rely on a list of some 200 Congressmen for guest appearances on his Sunday night political revival show.

Then there is Robert Morris, one-time counsel for the Senate Internal Security (Eastland) Committee. Morris, long a conspicuous figure in right-wing movements, recently terminated a career as president of the University of Dallas, a new institution sponsored by the Catholic Diocese of Dallas, which had become irritated with his stumping the countryside to fill lecture spots for conservative audiences. Morris is now active in a new operation, "The Friends of General Walker," and is appealing for financial assistance for the horseless general.

IN THEIR frenzy to hit back at the new Catholic social-action movement, the Catholic Ultras have consummated alliances with the noisy fundamentalist wing of American Protestantism. Thus *The Tablet,* and other publications following its line, give space to such quasi-religious organizations as the American Council of Christian Churches, which is presented seriously as a conservative counterpart of the Protestant National Council of Churches. In reality, the American Council is a collection of splinter denominations and sects that find common ground on at least two issues: an anti-social Gospel and a virulent anti-Catholicism. Only two years ago, the council was sounding the alarm at the prospect of a Romanist in the White House; today it is making common cause with the followers of Father Ginder, Robert Morris and the Mindszentyites.

It is anti-communism of course



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that produced a New Right broad enough to encompass both Manion and the American Council. Peter White, an Oklahoma public-relations man who tells how he picked up faith-healer Oral Roberts in 1947, when the minister had only $25 to his name, and built him into a multi-million-dollar enterprise, is now advising the Christian Crusade of the Reverend Billie James Hargis. Hargis welcomes Catholics into his anti-Communist tent meetings. And they come. They also fill the seats at a Fred Schwarz meeting. Schwarz preaches salvation by blood redemption, but went out of his way to get a Monsignor to give the benediction at his Madison Square Garden rally last spring.

YET THIS strange alliance has had only limited success in the Catholic community. Father Edward Duff, former director of the National Jesuit Social Science Center, now at Boston College, wrote that "it is a conspiracy which is using anti-communism as a front for its anti-social goals . . . in which one would think that divine promise has been withdrawn."

Bishop John Wright of Pittsburgh, Father Ginder's administrative boss and the shining light of liberalism in the American hierarchy, last year spelled out the chronic social disease still prevalent in the Church. Addressing the Diocesan Council of Catholic Women in Peoria, Illinois, Bishop Wright said:

> You can always get more Catholics than Protestants to join an organization looking for the impeachment of Earl Warren. Any super-duper patriotic organization that wants the United Nations kicked out of New York will always find a large number of Catholic cranks going around collecting signatures.

These things, the Bishop observed, "are a kind of sick-in-the-head patriotism—not patriotism at all, but mere nervous indigestion."

If one believes Robert Welch, the Bishop is right: the candy king estimates that half of his society members are Catholics (more than 50 per cent in his Belmont, Massachusetts, headquarters and field staff). Lay Catholics take comfort in Father Ginder and his counterparts throughout the country, many of whom are acknowledged Birch members. "Yet, crank for crank," writes one student of the Right, "the fundamentalist wing of Protestantism would probably win in a contest—both in quantity and quality."

But again, the cranks and the respectables have combined to sway not a few bishops into their front activities: the Mindszenty Foundation claims four missionary bishops, exiled from China or Korea, on its advisory council; and a group called the Catholic Freedoms Foundation, termed "crackpot" at the 1961 National Catholic Social Action Conference, has worked up an impressive list of American bishops for what might be called a Catholic Committee of 1,000 Against Red China.

(From Catholic Bulletin, St. Paul, Minn.)
*"Please Don't Feed the Animals."*

THE deepening political cleavage within the American Church was again made evident earlier this year with the eruption of public controversy between liberal and conservative Catholic editorialists over the issue of domestic communism and the rise of the Radical Right.

A side issue was the anti-Communist opus, *Operation Abolition*, which perhaps has cut deeper into the parish-level structure of American Catholicism than any other manifestation of political extremism since the Ku Klux Klan.

At the center of the controversy was a scholarly priest, Father John F. Cronin, assistant director of the Social Action Department of the Bishop's National Catholic Welfare Conference (NCWC). Father Cronin announced on March 1 that, at the direction of the hierarchy, he had written an eighty-page booklet titled *Communism: Threat to Freedom*. It was, in fact, a serious study which argued that the Birchites and their fellow travelers on the Right, by splitting the American people at a time when unity was imperative, were aiding the Communist cause. "The basic threat of communism is external," Father Cronin stressed.

The Right, Father Cronin declared, was fomenting a "virulent form of disunity that is dangerously weakening the nation." Aimed at schools and parish groups, where the various anti-Communist "crusades" had easy pickings, more than half a million copies were published by the NCWC and the Paulist Fathers in New York. It is simple wisdom, Father Cronin wrote, to recognize that poverty in Latin America is a far more fruitful base of Communist adventure than a rally in Union Square. Such an understanding, he went on, is intolerable for the Ultras who, as President Kennedy had noted in his 1961 speech on the radicals of the Right, have found "treason in our finest churches."

THE anguished cries of the Catholic old guard were heard throughout the country. Column upon column of vitriolic comment came from the pages of *The Tablet*, *The Tidings* and *Der Wanderer*, a St. Paul, Minn., rightist Catholic paper. Father Cronin's sin was mortal in the eyes of the Ultras in his own Church: in charging the Right with fantastic exaggeration of the domestic Communist problem, he was, in effect, confessing that he had been seduced by the international Communist plot.

Declared *The Tablet*: "It [Father Cronin's booklet] . . . is without parallel in our time. Irresponsible charges against anti-Communists follow the Moscow directive issued on Dec. 5, 1960." *The Tidings* charged that the booklet did not express the viewpoint of the bishops; but Archbishop William E. Cousins of Milwaukee, chairman of the Social Action Department of NCWC, acknowledged that Father Cronin had undertaken the project with the approval of the American hierarchy.



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Catholic Ultras enlisted their newfound partners on the fundamentalist circuit. In Wheaton, Illinois, a center for evangelical Protestant activity, Edgar C. Bundy, an ex-Air Force major and now preacher on the anti-Communist circuit, joined the attack. Bundy, arch-foe of the National Council of Churches, issued a twelve-page newsletter "answering the Reverend John F. Cronin." Bundy referred to the priest as "Mr. Cronin" in the tract, which reproduces *Tablet* editorials and news columns.

Robert Welch told a Long Island audience that one-half of 1 per cent of the Catholic priests were "Comsymps" (Birchese for fellow travelers) — a category for which Father Cronin had become eligible through his call for sanity. (Incidentally, Welch later admitted that he couldn't back up his "statistics.")

IT was *Operation Abolition*, however, which really exposed the raw nerves of the Catholic community over the Red issue. The discredited HUAC film version of its 1960 San Francisco hearings won a quick and popular acceptance in parish halls, Knights of Columbus clubrooms and in Catholic high schools. Professionals on the anti-Communist kick found that the film opened doors virtually everywhere; those who questioned its theme themselves became suspect. A fantastic merchandising job was achieved by the hucksters on the Right; more than 20 million Americans are estimated to have seen the film, whose plot equated opposition to HUAC with a gigantic Communist conspiracy.

The Catholic press, which had tiptoed so softly during the McCarthy rampage a decade earlier, now responded in quite different fashion, much to the dismay of the old guard. A year after the film came out—and had been hooted off most of the college campuses in the country—a pro-HUAC faction in some Eastern and Midwestern Catholic universities attempted to use it as a wedge to gain student support for the committee.

In August, 1961, at the National Congress of the Federation of Catholic College Students (an organization considerably to the Right of the National Student Association), *Operation Abolition* was shown and several pro-HUAC resolutions offered. All were defeated. Instead, a resolution was approved that read:

> The aims of the committee [HUAC] are too nebulous to be a basis for action . . . [resulting] in a lack of clarity and procedural abuses. Information provided by the committee has seldom resulted in useful legislation, the purpose of all standing Congressional investigating committees.

Diocesan newspapers, edited by laity and clergy who are responsible to the bishop of their diocese, attacked the film as highly tendentious and biased, and warned of one-sided showings before Catholic groups. "'Abolition' Film Dupes Viewers," declared the headline in the *Catholic Bulletin*, published by the Archdiocese of St. Paul, Minnesota. "It contains distortions so blatant and so extreme as to produce the net effect of a lie," said the *Catholic Courier* of Oklahoma City. "*Operation Abolition* has split more families than any other film ever produced, whether in Hollywood or Washington," observed the weekly of the Diocese of Fresno-Monterey in California. The national Jesuit weekly, *America*, found that the movie was presented in the framework of a "God vs. the devil" struggle between HUAC and the Communists and that, through innuendo, many good Americans were thus consigned to the forces of darkness.

As a sequel to this venture into celluloid propaganda by the Right, it remained for a Catholic group to

"They Aren't Sheep"

*The* Catholic Union and Echo, *Buffalo, N.Y., takes a sharp jibe at the Catholic woman who was excommunicated for her persistent agitation for segregation in the New Orleans schools.*



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produce a filmed "second look." Styled *Autopsy on Operation Abolition*, it was released earlier this year by the Catechetical Guild, a religious publishing house in St. Paul. The film inquest was made on location in San Francisco and Washington, and includes interviews with most of the original "cast."

Father Louis Twomey, a Jesuit from New Orleans' Loyola University, who has a reputation as a no-nonsense labor priest and interracial leader, provided a quiet and penetrating commentary. Introducing the sharply conflicting views of the diverse participants in the Bay Area "riots," he sets a stage for a picture in perspective—the difference between diatribe and documentary.

What was not told in this movie—but which illustrates the new Catholic liberalism emerging from front-line skirmishes for civil rights and civil liberties—was that several of the leaders in the historic San Francisco protest against HUAC were Catholics. Among them was the then California Assemblyman, John O'Connell. Also on the "barricades" were a president of the Catholic Newman Club at the University of California at Berkeley and a girl described by the university chaplain as "a daily communicant" (she subsequently lost a graduate foundation scholarship in political science because of her participation).

The chaplain, Father William Sullivan, a studious Paulist who is director of the Newman Center at Berkeley, was among those interviewed in *Autopsy on Operation Abolition*. He said:

> I insist that it [the demonstrations] has to be taken within the context of young students excited about ideals, concerned about freedom of speech, anxious to defend something in which they believe and not out to destroy the United States at all. The strength of our young people's ideals, concerned about freedom of speech, is an ideal in which all of us must agree—the strength of these ideals is the strength of our country....

Incensed that a Catholic-filmed "white paper" should nail the lie of its ace recruiting movie, the old guard lashed out at its producers: "a charitable approach to communism," raged *Der Wanderer*. In Los Angeles, *The Tidings* refused paid advertisements telling of its showing before Catholic groups. *The Tablet* said that Gus Hall would be happy that so many Catholics had been duped into following his line.

THE Cronin booklet and the *Autopsy* film represent only two examples of the Catholic answer to the Ultras. National organizations of Catholic laity, whose ranks include clergymen who give counsel but do not dominate policy, are in the forefront of the new Catholicism. Among them are the following:

¶The Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice, whose interracial councils in the big cities have many times paced the NAACP and CORE in breaking down segregated housing patterns.

¶The Association of Catholic Trade Unionists (ACTU), opposed by many old-line Catholic labor leaders like Phil Murray, has nevertheless played an active role in areas where some unions have abdicated responsibility (example: helping the Puerto Ricans in New York in their struggle against labor racketeers).

¶The Catholic Association for International Peace, a twenty-five-year-old organization sponsored by the NCWC.

¶The Catholic Worker Movement, a "witness in poverty" which has been the training ground for such outstanding Catholic liberals as John Cogley, James O'Gara and Edward Marciniak.

¶The National Catholic Social Action Conference, a collection of more than a dozen groups in the "lay apostolate," which invited a Protestant minister and a rabbi to deliver papers on *"Mater et Magistra"* at its 1962 convention.

Civil liberties—a sensitive area among Catholics because of the Communist problem, censorship, the obscenity laws and the aid-to-education issue—has been an area long neglected by both Catholic clergy and laity. Nevertheless, there have been exceptions: Bishop Wright and Boston's Monsignor Francis J. Lally, editor of *The Pilot*, as members of the board of The Fund for the Republic, ardently defended the organization when it was under McCarthyite attack. In recent months, columns of debate have filled diocesan publications about Catholics in the American Civil Liberties Union, one of whose founding fathers was Monsignor John Ryan, founder of the NCWC's Social Action Department. By some Catholics—even moderate ones—the union is considered in the same league as the Planned Parenthood Federation and Freemasonry.

THE Catholic commitment to the common good is breaking down even the walls of institutional self-interest. The recent Supreme Court decision banning public-school prayer is a case in point. While several Catholic voices screamed of "a new secularism" being established by the court, others cautioned against "hysteria" in interpreting the ban. Several diocesan publications supported the decision. Others noted that it was a prominent Catholic attorney, William J. Butler, who argued the case before the Court and that the only Catholic Supreme Court Justice, William Brennan, had helped to write the majority opinion. And when the post-decision "kill the Court" climate was high, the only Senator to defend the decision at the first hearings of the Judiciary Committee was Michigan's Philip A. Hart, a Catholic.

It is difficult to believe that such diversity in lay opinion in the Church could have occurred two decades ago. Then Father Coughlin's Christian Front was a blunt reality of Catholic reaction. One of the few attempts to counteract it—the now-defunct Catholic Committee for Human Rights—was isolated and its leaders smeared as part of a "Red plot to entrap American Catholics."

But in today's new climate in American Catholicism, the beginnings of an American "Catholic Left" are discernible. The *Catholic Worker*, founded by editor-author Dorothy Day, has spawned most of the intellectual exploration in this area. Thomas Merton, the famed Trappist author, and Gordon Zahn, a Loyola of Chicago professor, are leading a new school of thought which applies Catholic moral teaching to question traditional implications of war, nationalism and authority. In October,



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they joined with other Catholic pacifists in forming the American Pax Association, patterned after the English PAX group founded in 1936.

Other Catholic "leftists" meet in Chicago this month to found a Catholic Committee for Democratic Socialism. Declaring that "'*Mater et Magistra*' is basically in program and philosophy a democratic Socialist document," they recall the days of the emerging Socialist Party in America when two long-forgotten priests named Hagerty and McGrady expounded socialism in the Midwest.

The uniformity of the totalitarian Church which Paul Blanshard has pictured is virtually non-existent today except in matters of faith and morals. But even the question of establishing public morality upon Catholic principles is now in the process of re-evaluation. Many Catholics now oppose laws which forbid the dissemination of birth-control information, for example (though, of course, many others continue in the forefront of censorship efforts, as in the fight to ban the movie, *The Miracle*). The most prominent Catholic layman in the land, the President of the United States, has publicly opposed the official position of the Bishops of the Church on federal aid to church-related education.

The division in non-theological disputes is found even among the American Cardinals. Joseph Cardinal Ritter, considered the "liberal" of the five Americans in the College, decreed integration in his St. Louis Archdiocese six years before the Supreme Court decision and threatened excommunication for recalcitrants. The same year, however, Cardinal Spellman led the "seminarian scabs" who broke the strike of New York's Catholic cemetery workers.

Boston's Cardinal Cushing is an enigma to many: an outspoken anti-Communist, he has been given to intemperate charges (such as calling the ACLU "Red") and was mousetrapped into an endorsement of Robert Welch. Yet he took out a life membership in the NAACP when it was being attacked as "subversive" by the Ultras, and he has publicly called the Walter-McCarran Act "racist legislation."

Francis Cardinal Spellman found the Court's public-school prayer decision as "striking at the very heart of the Godly tradition": but Bishop Robert E. Tracy of Baton Rouge said: "It is doubtful that Catholics would want a different ruling."

Two members of the hierarchy have long been identified with liberal movements in the human-rights field: Archbishop Robert E. Lucy of San Antonio and Archbishop Bernard Sheil of Chicago. It was Sheil who in 1954 delivered his famous "city slicker" charge at the late Senator McCarthy. Subsequently he became a subject of controversy through his public endorsement of various liberal causes.

Old-guard Catholic politics is expressed through other American bishops. A survey by the magazine *Ave Maria* earlier this year found that in many dioceses in the country "*Mater et Magistra*" has been pigeonholed in chancery offices. A spokesman for the Catholic Birchers has called the Papal encyclical "nothing but a clever Red trap." For such Catholics, the international Communist conspirators may well be meeting in Rome now, under the guise of "Vatican II."

# 'BLAT': Soviet-Style Payola . . *by Margaret Miller*

WHEN the Central Committee of the Communist Party (the governing body of the USSR) last met in March, 1962, they were concerned with improving agricultural production. At its recent session, which closed November 24, industry was the primary agenda item.

The last big shakeup in Soviet industrial organization occurred in 1957, when Mr. Khrushchev dismantled the powerful, centralized ministries in Moscow and replaced them by over one hundred regional economic councils (*sovnarkhozy*), the idea being to secure a devolution of decision-making to the localities, while keeping the main levers of economic power, including finance and investment, firmly under the control of the central government. Now still further revisions are in prospect. This can only be because here, as in other spheres of Soviet life, official theory fails to correspond to everyday realities, and the conflict is becoming insupportable.

Marxist doctrine has always denounced the "anarchy" of capitalist economies, in contrast to what it claims to be the orderly efficiency of Socialist economic planning. Very briefly, the latter works in industry as follows. The broad directives of the plan originate with the political authorities: on the economic side, they are then adjusted by the central State Planning Commission (*Gosplan*) and its local agencies; passed by them for scrutiny to the regional economic councils, and through them to the individual producing units; and finally they flow back to the center for authorization. As thus agreed, the plan becomes the law of the land, and, in theory, the supervising bodies need only watch its orderly fulfillment by all concerned, each subordinate body obeying implicitly the higher organ to which it is answerable.

THINGS do not really happen like this in the day-to-day conduct of Russia's huge industrial machine. In fact, a lively "resistance movement" has been operating ever since planning began in the early 1920s. Its most all-pervasive element is "*blat*" —the practice of using personal influence or contacts to obtain favors or concessions to which the business or the individual is not legally entitled. It is a potent weapon in the hands of industrialists during the

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period of plan formation. They use it freely to secure more favorable conditions or easier production tasks for the enterprises they run.

"'*Blat*' is more powerful than Stalin," "'*Blat*' is stronger than the Council of Ministers" are folk-sayings which circulate widely and testify to the existence of this force. The press reports the dismissal of the director of a machine-tool factory who has been found to be supplying other factories with the products of his own works, not on the basis of an official order *(naryad)*, on which alone goods can legally be supplied according to the theory of planning, but simply on grounds of personal friendship with the directors of the consuming factories. He had been running a plan of his own and his friends' devising, instead of carrying out the government's planning instructions.

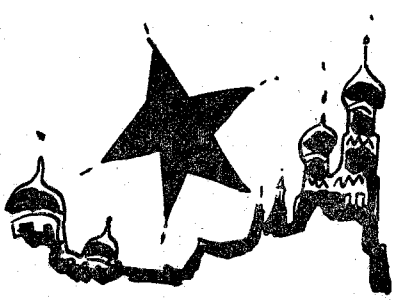
Then there are the "pushers" or "expediters" *(tolkachi)*. There is a veritable army of these people, and they help industrialists to solve their most difficult problem, that of securing supplies. They are specialized middlemen whose business it is to find out where equipment and materials of all kinds can be obtained on the ubiquitous "free market." They may work on a commission basis for several enterprises, or may figure as "special representatives" in a factory's list of employees. They may even be "self-employed," studying the market and offering their services where they see the best prospects of monetary reward. Sometimes ordinary members of an undertaking's staff have to be taken off their jobs to act as "*tolkachi*" because of the impossibility of procuring needed supplies by any other means. A recent Soviet press report told of skilled engineers from shipbuilding works in Leningrad and Nikolayev in European Russia having to undertake the long journey to a small town in Siberia, to put pressure on a factory there for its repeated failure to deliver winches, without which the vessels they had helped to build could not put to sea.

There must be hundreds of thousands of "*tolkachi*" on the job in one way or another, and one reliable authority estimates that many businesses rely on their services to secure anything from a quarter to a half of the supplies they need and cannot get through official channels.

Other elements in this powerful economic underground are revealed by innumerable references, usually disapproving, in the Soviet press. One is the tendency to hoard stocks of materials. This trick is called "insurance" *(strakhovska)*, and it permeates the entire industrial structure, in spite of repeated denunciations of the loss it involves to the national economy. Another is "simulation" *(ochkovtiratelstvo)*, by which a director makes it appear that he has fulfilled the plan—when, in fact, he has not been able to do so—by using various devices, lowering quality, producing the wrong assortment of goods, failing to provide spare parts.

WHY DO Russian industrialists behave like this, and why has the government turned a blind eye to this wholesale evasion of the law?

It is certainly not because the men who run industry dislike the Soviet system on principle; on the contrary, most of those in responsible positions today have never known any other way of life, and accept it as naturally as we do our own. But in Russia's politically dominated economy, it is not the politicians or the planners who have to turn paper directives into the realities of steel, bricks, machine tools, clothing. It is the practical men: the plant managers, directors, accountants, engineers, administrators, foremen. They have to meet the difficulties of chronically over-ambitious plan-targets, chronic shortages of materials with which to meet these targets, the now admitted crudities and imperfections of planning techniques. The "resistance" movement—this unofficial network of inter-enterprise relationships described above—is the method of self-help and mutual defense adopted by the men below to ease intolerable pressures from above.



The government has had its own pressures, too, many of them self-imposed and based on erroneous doctrine, but pressures none the less. For many years it has had to operate the economy on an emergency basis, preparing for or recovering from disastrous wars, coping with the strains and stresses of headlong industrialization and forced collectivization of agriculture. Its desperate need, as government officials saw it, was to build up industry, especially the heavy and defense branches; and officials took action against the "resistance" only when the system led to inefficiency or to gross neglect of state interests, or when it degenerated into the criminal realm of theft and embezzlement. Insofar as it helped the paramount objective of plan fulfillment, it was good policy to look the other way.

Mounting criticism of planning techniques and of resulting deficiencies in industrial management culminated in the last two months in a newspaper campaign in *Pravda*, the official organ of the Central Committee. The first shot was fired by Professor Lieberman of Kharkov University, and he was followed by over a score of writers, fellow professors, factory directors and engineers, officials in regional economic councils, government planners, members of the Academy of Science, economic journalists.

THEY blamed deficiencies in planning methods for the universal tendency among industrialists to get the plan for their enterprises fixed at the lowest possible level, so that they might the more easily overfulfill it, and thus secure maximum rewards in bonuses and premiums (calculated on the increase in the current year over the gross production achieved by the factory in the previous year). This basis of calculation, together with the irrational system of price-fixing, penalized the go-ahead, up-to-date business as compared with the less efficient. A critic quoted the case of two cement factories, one of which produced only two-thirds as much cement per annum as the other, at a higher price,



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and of a lower quality. But according to planning calculations, it qualified for a higher bonus than the more efficient factory. Similarly, a garment factory which had achieved 99 per cent first-quality work, found that its rewards were actually less than a factory whose proportion of first-class work was only 80 per cent, but which was able to show improvements each year.

Another bad planning practice was the excessive degree of administrative control of the individual enterprise by planners who were too remote to know about its capacity and the needs of the consumers who used its product, and who worked on the different indices of the plan —quality, cost of production, productivity of labor, etc.—without coordinating the final results. So plans tended to be unrealistic and internally inconsistent; and goods were produced irrespective of whether or where or by whom they were really wanted.

A particularly serious criticism was that planning discouraged technological advance, the very thing the government was most anxious to secure. Last year Mr. Khrushchev publicly pilloried a Moscow automobile factory which, he said, had been turning out the same truck for fourteen years without making any effort to modify or improve its design. One of the plant officials has just revealed what happened when the factory, spurred by Mr. Khrushchev's rebuke, did begin to produce a new model. Promptly it failed to fulfill some of the indices of its plan: it lost its high place in Socialist competition with other automobile factories; all its workers, especially the engineers, had to carry a much heavier work load, at the same time having to take a sharp drop in wages and a loss in bonuses; labor turnover increased until the factory was losing 8,000 experienced workers in a year and having to hire the same number of "green" hands to replace them.

Quite evidently the planning system had developed its own kind of "anarchy" and was signally failing to harmonize the interests of the individual workers and factories with the interests of the country as a whole.

Observer (London)

*"Katinka! We've conquered space."*

The major corrective suggested was to link the factory's rewards not to the increase in gross production over the previous year, but to the profits earned on its capital assets. Professor Lieberman's scheme was to set up a "reward fund" in every plant. Into this fund payments would be made on a national sliding scale, depending on the ratio of profits to capital. This new fund was to be the sole source out of which premiums could be paid, and was also to be used to pay for normal extensions and improvements to the factory, and for the purchase of machinery. Only major reconstruction schemes and new building would in future be a charge on the state budget.

AS A result, industrialists would stop striving for an "easy" plan, and would clamor for the highest possible targets, for in this way alone could they maximize their profits and hence their reward funds. It would no longer be to their interest to hold unduly large stocks of materials or to hoard labor: such practices would, under the new regime, "hit the enterprise in the pocket." Once they had to pay the equivalent of a rate of interest for new plant and equipment, instead of receiving them as a free grant from the state, they would economize in their use. There would be no more abuses such as the one cited by a *sovnarkhoz* official, where a sugar factory which was not scheduled to come into operation until 1963, acquired half a million rubles' worth of equipment as early as 1960.

Another important proposal was to decentralize planning and make it more flexible. Detailed planning from above was to stop at regional levels. Thereafter the enterprises themselves should draw up specific plans in the light of their known resources, after carefully ascertaining the needs of the people who were to use their products. Demand and supply were to be brought together at the actual level of performance *before* plans were approved at a higher level. The duty of a *sovnarkhoz* would be to coordinate enterprise plans with regional and national requirements. Stress was laid in the *Pravda* discussions on the desirability of giving plant managers much more room for economic maneuver. Apart from their greatly increased rights in plan formulation, they were to have authority to vary the plan during the year if the need could be established. They were to be given greater powers to "hire and fire," to confine the payment of premiums to those workers who had made a real contribution to increased productivity, and to put pressure on suppliers who failed to deliver on time.

IT IS not to be expected that such drastic changes can be introduced into the Soviet economy overnight. Vested interests in the higher echelons of planning and the faithful adherents of long-established doctrine will fight a fierce rear-guard action. The "resistance" will not disband until it is sure of the new position. But something on these lines will undoubtedly be done, as the only means of securing an expanding and efficient economy.

It would be reasonable to claim all this as a resounding triumph for the economic underground. It is precisely because plans were unrealistic, imposed from above without effective consultation with the men who alone were in a position to know the job from the inside, that these same men took matters into their own hands. What they have been acting out unofficially all these years has now been adopted as desirable official policy. Time and again writers in the Lieberman correspond-



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ence highlight the dilemma of the plant manager who has to tell a foreman that one hundred machines have to be made when he knows that the amount of material officially allocated to the factory is enough for only ninety; or who is forced to concentrate on fulfilling gross production — the planning index upon which his own remuneration and reputation depend as well as the amount he has available for staff bonuses—although he is only too well aware that this will involve sacrificing other indices which are of equal importance from the national point of view.

It is a welcome confirmation, too, of the kind of people ordinary Soviet men and women really are: neither obedient robots nor political automata, but human beings remarkably like their capitalist counterparts in their need to earn a living, their urge to get maximum remuneration for the minimum effort, and their habit of putting their own interests before the common good when the two come in conflict.

It would not be reasonable to assert that present developments, because they are based on concepts like "profit," "rate of interest," "consumer sovereignty," herald anything like a "return to capitalism" in Russia. No country can return to a condition it never attained. It is one of the paradoxes of history that the Marxist revolution, presupposing the existence of a highly developed industrial proletariat, took place in Russia at a time when three-quarters of the population were peasants, many of them illiterate. Rather it is a demonstration that in an increasingly industrialized and rapidly maturing society, the "laws" of economics, which are of universal and not purely "capitalist" significance, cannot be flouted indefinitely for the sake of political or ideological considerations.

One result of changed methods which acknowledge this truth will be to bring the functioning of the Soviet industrial machine a long step nearer to the Western pattern. For this reason alone the recent discussions in the Central Committee merit the most painstaking study.

# Savings & Loan: The 4.75% Bonanza . . *Kenneth Young*

WHEN the Senate finally got around to passing its version of the 1962 tax bill, no one was surprised at the absence of the President's proposal for the withholding of taxes on dividend and interest income. The United States Savings and Loan League, representing most of the nation's 6,200 savings and loan associations, had conducted such an effective lobby against the proposal that the majority of the Senate would rather have cast a vote favoring foreign aid to Castro.

In power-conscious Washington, the league's campaign served as clear proof that the savings and loan industry had "arrived." But the campaign may, in the long run, prove to have been too effective. It incurred public Presidential wrath and it led to renewed interest in the workings of what has been termed the nation's "informal" banking system.

The league launched its all-out lobbying campaign during the early days of the 87th Congress, when President Kennedy first let it be known that, in connection with his desire to close tax loopholes, he had very much in mind the favored tax treatment enjoyed by savings and loan associations.

In its fierce competitive battle with the commercial banks, the savings and loan industry has leaned heavily upon its tax status. Until a decade ago, the industry was exempted from federal taxes on the theory that the money of each association was simply being loaned to members. Tax exemption was considered in the "public interest" as a means of encouraging savings. In 1952, Congress eliminated the full exemption, subjecting the associations instead to the regular corporate income tax, but permitting a special deduction for reserve funds held as a hedge against bad debt. Under this formula, the associations have been paying an estimated $10 million annually in taxes on deposits that reached $80 billion by 1961.

The Administration's final 1962 proposal, aimed at closing this loophole, provided that 60 per cent of an association's earnings be considered a tax-free reserve deduction, with the remaining 40 per cent taxable at the standard corporate rate.

Under the law as passed by Congress, the associations will now pay an effective 20 per cent tax on total earnings, compared to the regular corporate rate of 52 per cent — and federal revenues will be fattened by some $190 million.

Even this would have left the associations in a favorable "competitive" position with the commercial banks, who pay an effective rate of about 40 per cent. But this was small comfort to league members, who are accustomed to paying less than 2 per cent of their profits. As Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon pointed out in Congressional testimony, the associations and the mutual savings banks had paid less than $70 million in federal taxes between 1952 and 1961, while retaining $5.5 billion during the same period in the form of undivided profits, additions to reserves and surplus. Obviously, with such amounts at stake, the league wasn't ready to sit back and let nature take its course.

WHILE the tax-reform bill was being considered by the Ways and Means Committee, the league swung into action. Instead of moving against the direct tax levied on the associations, however, it chose to fight another part of the President's bill — the withholding clause.

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League strategy, later admitted by its lobbyists, was aimed at defeating the entire bill by killing the withholding section. In theory, if the "loopholes" weren't plugged there could be no tax reductions for business without creating new deficits. Relying on Treasury statistics, the league estimated that the withholding provision was worth over $800 million annually, while the proposed savings-and-loan-tax formula was worth another $500 million.

THE FIGHT against the withholding provision was launched by way of a massive letter-writing campaign. Savings and loan associations across the nation called upon their depositors to "write your Congressman." They issued reams of brochures, leaflets and posters painting the proposal as a "new" tax. Some of the associations used material implying that, should the measure pass, 20 per cent of a person's savings would be taxed. Others warned that the life savings of the elderly, the widowed and the orphaned would be depleted. The Liberty Savings and Loan Association of Chicago summed up the league's efforts in a notice declaring: "Don't fail to write! Help us, help yourself! If this becomes law in 1963, the mess will be ours to handle and the expense, irritation and frustration yours."

Since most taxpayers reached by this propaganda did not realize that if they had not already been reporting dividend and interest income, they had been guilty of evading fifty-year-old tax provisions, the outpouring of mail to Washington was extremely heavy. According to Congressional experts, the total volume of letters received equaled the mail at the time of President Truman's recall of General MacArthur and the Senate censure of the late Senator McCarthy.

The heavy mail attack led President Kennedy to defend his proposal during a press conference. He charged that the letters received on Capitol Hill indicated that "a great number of people have been badly misinformed" about the plan. Dillon was even more emphatic. He told a University of Pennsylvania audience that the campaign against the withholding proposal had "set new records for distortion of the facts and . . . created widespread public misunderstanding."

The anti-withholding fight was unsuccessful in the House, but it did produce important results for the associations. Almost unnoticed by the public, the Administration's initial proposal of a $500 million tax on the industry was "compromised" at $200 million. Even more important — at that time — to the savings and loan companies, House passage of the withholding provision brought with it insistence that the Senate take similar action. As Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills pointed out, House members had taken the "heat" and didn't propose to let the Senate masquerade as the public's defender. House members openly proclaimed: "No withholding, no tax bill."

By early June, the savings and loan industry had taken a new look at its strategy. Although announcing its continued opposition to the withholding provision, the league called off its letter-writing campaign. According to some political reporters, the all-out attack against withholding ended when the Administration informed the industry that the death of the 1962 tax bill would mean new proposals in 1963 — including a higher tax proposal on the industry itself. Savings and loan spokesmen, according to *The New York Times*, began "quietly informing" Senators that the industry would accept the House-passed withholding provision in order to obtain favorable action on the entire tax bill.

The damage, however, already had been done. Senators, sensitive to election-year pressures, had received so many letters from an excited electorate that when the Senate Finance Committee killed the withholding proposal, an attempt to reinstate the provision from the floor was overwhelmingly defeated.

Fortunately for the savings and loan associations, even though their last-minute maneuver failed, Congressmen desperate to return home from the political wars abandoned demands for inclusion of the withholding provision in any Senate-House compromise bill. Predictions of a Presidential veto also were voiced with less assurance as increased emphasis was placed on the need for corporate tax relief as a means of bolstering the economy.

If the savings and loan associations proved lucky in their battle on Capitol Hill, their victory may turn out, in the long run, to have been extremely costly. Both the Congress and the President may be expected to take a closer look at the industry, while the public has learned that there is more to the savings and loan business than a neon sign advertising high dividend rates.

THE RAPID growth and political power of the savings and loan industry may bring about an eventual political explosion, but even more serious is the potential economic danger.

As of 1960, the country's 6,276 associations had total assets of almost $71.5 billion, with 79 per cent of this amount composed of mortgages on one-to-four-family dwellings. Mortgage-loan volume of the industry in 1960 was estimated at $14.3 billion, financing an estimated 975,000 housing units — 360,000 in new starts and 615,000 in the used market.

With their emphasis on conventional mortgages, the savings and loan associations now dominate the nongovernment-insured home-loan field and play a major role in home construction. This dependence on residential, nonfarm construction makes the industry extremely sensitive to the housing start rate. As individual savings of all kinds increase — to a record $25.4 billion in 1961 — the associations must find



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new mortgage markets for their investments. But the rate of new housing starts has not kept pace with the climbing rate of savings.

Still another problem for the industry is the continuing rise of foreclosures and home-mortgage debt. Foreclosures in 1961 hit their highest peak since 1940 and the number of new foreclosures on nonfarm properties during the first six months of this year has jumped 20 per cent over the comparable period of 1961. Home-mortgage debt, last year, hit a record high of $146 billion, or six times the total at the end of World War II.

These statistics have convinced many economists that real estate is "in trouble." "Trouble" for real estate is, of course, trouble for the savings and loan associations that must place their savings in sound, high-interest, long-term mortgages in order to maintain present dividend rates.

The "tight money" market of recent years was made to order for the industry. During the last years of the Eisenhower administration, when FHA and VA loans were almost impossible to obtain without the payment of "discount" rates, conventional rates jumped in response to the increased demand. Compared to the spring of 1956, when approximately two-thirds of conventional loans were placed at either 5 or 5.5 per cent, last spring saw only 4 per cent of these conventional loans going at 5.75 per cent and over one-third carrying rates of 6.5 per cent or better.

This steady increase in rates, coupled with a lengthening of FHA mortgage duration and a decrease in down-payment requirements, has been responsible for the sharp rise in mortgage debt as well as the increasing foreclosure rate. It also presents the savings and loan associations with a quandary. They cannot reduce interest rates on savings without damaging their competitive position vis-à-vis the commercial banks at a time when new mortgage demand is "soft." On the contrary, if present high dividend rates are to be maintained and suitable mortgage markets cannot be found, lending rates may have to be increased.

One way of solving this dilemma of high savings and low mortgage demand would be to permit the associations to invest larger amounts in other than the home-mortgage market. Present regulations limit such investments, but since 1959, federally chartered institutions have been able, within limits, to make loans to finance the acquisition and development of land. In addition, these same institutions are permitted to finance commercial and multi-family structures as long as such financing does not exceed 20 per cent of the association's aggregate assets.

IN ORDER to take advantage of these percentage-of-assets limitations, associations on the West Coast, prior to 1959, were merging into giant holding companies. The Great Western Financial Corporation — composed of seven associations — claims that it is the "first savings and loan organization ever to attain a billion dollars in assets." Great Western is publicly owned and its shares are traded on the New York Stock Exchange. Along with approximately two dozen other holding companies in California, it shares ownership of sixty of the state's 260 associations and controls more than half of the industry's California assets.

The holding companies are now being scrutinized by regulatory agencies, since they do not come under normal savings and loan regulations.

Aside from the obvious danger of creating monopoly situations in an industry previously dominated by community associations, the holding companies — even more deeply involved in land-development loans— introduce a new risk for the investor. While the return of any association investing in land speculation may be high, it also is doing much more than simply "banking" the depositor's savings. In effect, the depositor is providing risk capital and the association or holding company's advertised dividend rate is not guaranteed. At the end of last year, for example, Great Western held some $18.4 million in properties for sale, largely reflecting houses taken back through foreclosure. This compared with a $4.7 million figure for the previous year. Another California holding company — California Financial — is known to have foreclosed on forty houses in a single tract because of a builder's difficulties.

While the holding companies are so large that these problems can be absorbed, individual associations— and their depositors—can be in serious trouble if a land-development investment turns out to be poor speculation. Even without funds invested in land development, a sudden economic recession could have a serious effect on an over-extended local association. Defense cutbacks pose similar problems.

Still another incentive for securing marginal loans by the associations has been the rate war waged between the industry and the commercial banks. Since the associations have used their higher "return" as their chief selling point, they have tried to keep dividends between one-half and a full percentage point above bank rates. Late in 1961, when California associations jumped rates to between 4.25 and 4.75 per cent, the Federal Reserve Board authorized a January boost in the commercial bank rate from 3 to 4 per cent. The bank increase was reported to have brought in some $2 billion in deposits within two months. It also led associations in other states to boost their rates.

THE BANKS can hardly be considered in sympathy with the problems facing the savings and loan industry. Faced with a higher tax rate and stricter regulations, they have been unable to replace the associations as the nation's top savings media. In 1961, for example, despite a concentrated effort by the commercial banks, the associations still received 54 per cent of the total net savings, compared with the 33 per cent received by the banks.

This constant competition has made the savings and loan industry extremely sensitive to charges that it is "unsafe." The associations — through their league—are quick to point out that the Federal Home Loan Bank Board and the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation are set up in much the same fashion as the Federal Reserve Board and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. While the comparison is valid to a large degree, there are



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differences. For one thing, of the 6,384 savings and loan associations in the country, only 4,306 are members of FSLIC; the rest are not covered by the FSLIC $10,000 protection. The depositor in a state-chartered association that is not federally insured is protected only to the degree provided by state regulation.

In addition, the guarantees of the two insurance corporations are not identical, but neither FDIC nor FSLIC can be induced to comment publicly on the nature of these differences or their implications. Obviously the rival systems regard the differences as significant, since the subject is one of extreme sensitivity. Under FDIC, when a bank is closed, insured deposits up to $10,000 are paid by cash or by making available to each depositor a transferred deposit in a new bank or in another insured bank. Under FSLIC, insured accounts up to $10,000 are paid, when the association defaults, either by cash or transfer to a solvent association on a parity with other members of that association, but subject to its charter provisions and regulations governing withdrawals.

The United States Savings and Loan League insists that not one penny has ever been lost by a depositor in a federally chartered and insured association and points with pride to provisions permitting FHL Bank System members to borrow up to 50 per cent of their savings as well as FSLIC authority to make member loans.

While the league is undoubtedly correct in its statements, neither the FHLB nor the FSLIC were in existence when the banks learned their terrible lesson in the early days of the depression. Most economists now are convinced that the government has enough stabilizers to prevent a new depression, but this does not mean that a major economic calamity could not lead the way into a serious downward spiral.

In such a situation, with its great dependence on housing, the nation's booming "informal" banking system could be faced with serious problems. The savings and loan industry has ballooned into such an important segment of the nation's basic economic structure that it requires greater understanding and increased regulation.

# THE ESTHETICS OF AFFLUENCE . . *by Eugene Raskin*

THE CONDITION of affluence in whose opening stages our society is involved will have radical consequences in economics, ethics and politics, as is already quite apparent. It will also have a revolutionary effect upon esthetics, by which I mean not only the conventional "fine arts" (painting, sculpture, music, etc.) but, perhaps even more important for the average person, the vast quantity of everyday artifacts such as autos, buildings, utensils, clothing, magazines and entertainment which make up the bulk of the esthetic environment. It is this environment that gives the taste, smell, color and feel of life.

*This is the third of a series on various aspects of the affluent society (see "The Economics of Affluence," by Alexander Campbell, June 2, 1962; and "The Ethics of Affluence," by Roger L. Shinn, October 6, 1962).*—ED.

What is life like in the affluent society? Is it richly varied and exciting or is it made up of hours of mechanical button-pushing, punctuated by long stretches of TV-watching masquerading as leisure? Is it full of new sensation and emotion, or is it a constant stream of new appliances, each more boring than the next? Is there creativity, freshness, imagination around us? Or are we surrounded by what the computers said two years ago we should have?

The answer would seem to be the resultant of two closely related factors: (1) an abundance of goods, and (2) an abundance of people with money and the desire to acquire these goods. Operating from opposite sides, both factors affect esthetics decisively.

First, the goods. To have abundance, mass-production techniques must be used, including the familiar assembly line, the standard model, and now, automation. All of these, by their very nature, lead towards duplication rather than variation. At the same time, competitive marketing causes changes in one company's product to be copied quickly by all other producers in the same field. One needs only to recall the almost simultaneous appearance of tail fins on America's automobiles, or the coincident arrival of slim-line, remote-control TV sets of all makes, to realize that U.S. industrialists, in their independence of thought and action, resemble nothing so much as a school of fish. Of course, under free enterprise, that is their privilege.

As the trend advances, the duplications of goods and services become increasingly hard for the consumer to avoid. Not long ago I stayed the night at one of the new posh urban motels. All I wanted was a night's sleep before resuming my journey, but willy-nilly I had to endure the presence of, and indirectly pay for, a coffee shop, a bar, a restaurant, a laundromat, a grill, a hairdresser, room service and a TV-radio set.

THE ultimate form of the trend away from variation and towards duplication is to produce only two models—the "luxury" and the "economy." Even these are not really two models; one is merely a cheaper imitation of the other.

Designers are the first victims, as the opportunities and outlets for esthetic expression become virtually non-existent or, at best, the province of a small and monopolistic group of "name" designers whose principal talent seems to be that of providing insecure executives with the confi-

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dence they cannot otherwise buy. The one in thousands whose designs are executed tends to be the one whose mind is most like the machines that do the actual work.

Perhaps the most disquieting effect upon designers is the tendency of the uniformity approach to become habitual even when the demands of mass-production techniques do not apply—in architecture, for example, where the "luxury" (glass) and the "economy" (brick) models of slab buildings are rapidly filling the urban scene, with little if any structural justification or esthetic reward.

The final general point to be made under "goods, production of," is that the technology of affluence increasingly separates the craftsman from his material, causing him to lose both his function and his skill. More often than not, he becomes the manipulator of equipment which has been preprogramed, so that he has about as much to do with the product as an elevator operator has in choosing his route. Untouched by human hands, our mechanically produced artifacts become esthetically sterile, void of emotional potential and therefore *of as little interest to the consumer as to the producing worker.* Thus shabbiness of work is accepted with indifference on all sides, especially when laxness of inspection or the complexities of an assembly process make individual responsibility for an error hard to fix. (Who put the rattle in our brand new car, Daddy?)

With personal concern for the product at a minimum, it is no wonder that esthetics, about which one must first and foremost *care,* is the orphan without so much as a doorstep to be left upon.

To sum up briefly thus far: *both because of production techniques and the attitudes that go with them, opportunities for esthetic choice and experience inevitably diminish in the affluent society,* at least as that society is presently shaped.

ON THE opposite side of the coin from "goods, production of" is "goods, consumption of"; i.e., the market situation. The abundance of goods must be matched by an abundance of willing and able customers, else instead of affluence we have crisis. Now, the factors that determine purchasing are many and varied, but esthetics ranks high among them; in fact, when real choices are progressively fewer, people tend to buy more according to "looks" and "taste" than when greater variations in efficiency and cost can be weighed. Unfortunately, the esthetic criteria develop in the direction of surface or marginal differentiations, rather than matters of substance. In houses, for instance (or "homes," as the trade calls them), basic floor plans are often much the same within given size and price categories; the exteriors, however, are variously packaged as "Colonial," "Ranch" or "Contemporary"—stylistic distinctions which are usually no more than veneer deep. Yet because there is so little *real* choice to be made, buyers wax intense over the shape of the window frames or the slant of the roof, while the community as a whole more and more presents an uninterrupted façade of garage doors, some of them happily closed.

*"I see that we are managing to keep up with the Dow Joneses!"*

In a similar way cars are chosen for color, grille styling, upholstery or other superficialities, while the different makes of cars themselves continue to share the same absurdities of fundamental design. Examples could be multiplied indefinitely; the general point to be made is that the affluent society, by reducing the *substantial* esthetic choices available, causes people *faut de mieux* to orient their responses towards surface trivia. These, being rather slight as stimuli to begin with, require overstatement to be effective at all, leading to blatancy in all areas—from "yaks" in the theatre to blushing pink refrigerators. The result is a coarse public taste, largely unaware of esthetic content, responding instead to the least meaningful and most obvious.

THE second large aspect of market esthetics under affluence is that which stems from the abundance of money (or credit cards) in the pockets of the consumers. When money is scarce each purchase—clothing, furniture, decoration, entertainment—is a matter for serious consideration, with all values being carefully weighed: demands are more stringent and *appreciation more knowledgeable.* When money is plentiful, less care and consideration are called for. On the contrary, selection is made on an impulse—on a status or fashion basis, not only with little regard for the quality, esthetic or otherwise, of the object being bought but often without consideration on the part of the buyer as to *whether he himself likes it or not.* Reisman's "other-directedness" is here compounded by a large admixture of "it doesn't really matter"; since the object can always be thrown away and another bought, why work up any steam over it? Thus affluence has the effect of producing *indifference,* the absolute opposite of esthetic sensibility.

A third point: The disappearance of craft and craftsmen already mentioned means also that people are less than ever exposed to craft work. Some Americans never see anything hand made in their lives (with the possible exception of some tourist souvenir trash). Their esthetic environment consists therefore almost entirely of machine-made objects and the canned performances that represent the entertainment parallels. The esthetic consequence is that fewer people learn to distinguish between originals and copies, between the real and the synthetic—or are, indeed, interested in doing so. As the slogan of this state, one might well use a recent chewing gum ad, which pro-



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claimed its "genuine artificial fruit flavor."

Which brings us directly to the final and largest effect of affluence upon esthetics. Since almost everything is replaceable, nothing is cherished for its own sake, and the only value remaining to which one can attach a specific statement is cost; we are in the process of witnessing the substitution of the price tag for the sense of beauty. Anyone who listens to the conversation around him at a cocktail party, dinner or other social occasion, will notice how often a painting, gown or house is described, not by its form and color, but by its cost.

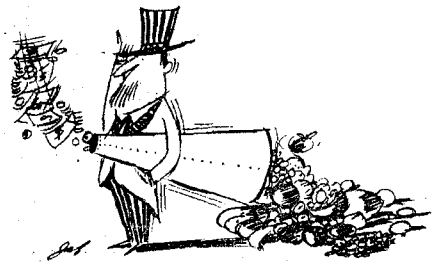
"That's Jack Levine," my neighbor whispered to me at a luncheon the other day. "He gets $35,000 a painting!"

"Next thing you know," said I, trying to be funny, "he'll build himself a $100,000 home."

"More," replied my neighbor, reverently.

OF COURSE, there is nothing new about materialistic attitudes in general or money worship in particular. They have always been with us, to the dismay of prophets, saints and artists. But through the ages they have existed alongside the conventional esthetic values—permanence, uniqueness, intrinsic beauty. What is new now is that affluence reduces the force of traditional esthetics by stressing instead the opposite values: impermanence (built-in obsolescence), mass production (multiple duplication); and, in place of beauty, fashion, or the last word for today (stay tuned for tomorrow's last word). There is, to my mind, a definite cross-connection here with the simultaneous shift in *ethical* values in the affluent society from the old-fashioned virtues of Thrift and Industry to Consumption and Leisure (formerly known as Waste and Idleness). (See "The Ethics of Affluence," by Roger L. Shinn, *The Nation*, Oct. 6, 1962.)

With price as the esthetic yardstick, it is easy to understand the incidence of such insanities as $6,000 mink bathrobes (recently offered by a Texas department store) or a machine, widely marketed, that spins pigments about and splashes them



on canvas, "creating" automatic abstract paintings. (Here y'are, folks, Take the Pain out of Painting.) The chief problem with such "oddity" offerings would seem to be that of keeping the prices high enough to disguise the repulsiveness of the goods presented. This is not conspicuous waste so much as conspicuous price. Still, I suppose that anything that breaks the pattern of mass-production conformity is salutary to the extent that it allows extra-mass-market esthetic experiences, of whatever quality.

Sanguine observers are fond of pointing out that the affluent society does offer some positive esthetic benefits. Next to paperback books, their favorite example is music. And indeed, many thousands, perhaps millions, have learned to cherish good music because records and radio have made it so available. What is not mentioned is that at the same time many more millions have grown accustomed to regarding music as a *background* for conversation, or as an accompanying element in waiting rooms, washrooms and elevators; this is perhaps less serious than the inattention, bordering on contempt, which such a habit engenders. It sometimes seems as though these people use music as a signal to begin some other activity—talking, sewing, cooking, washing, studying or typing. As for paper books, one has only to look at the major portion of what is on sale to wonder whether the presses are not running just a bit too fast.

SPEAKING specifically of the fine arts, as one eventually must, the identification of beauty with price has led to some lively financial doings of the sort which should be reported on the stock-market pages of the newspapers rather than in the art columns. The latest little game is the one in which a money boy picks up a painting for, say, $5,000, and then donates it to a museum for an appraised valuation of $50,000 or so. He can then make a sizable tax deduction, it goes without saying, and be an art patron at the same time. It is rumored that Treasury Department men are taking courses in art appreciation. On the more conservative side are the cases, becoming more frequent, of wealthy individuals who "collect art" not so much as a cultural activity, but because business conditions being what they are, art is a relatively safe investment.

Meantime the artists themselves (those who have not become mere purveyors of the latest fashion) turn more and more away from involvement with a society that is increasingly anti-esthetic, and instead seek further means of non-symbolic expression. In this sense one might say that the general public inability to understand modern art is the direct result of a general public inability to understand any art.

TO SUM UP: the affluent society, while spreading some esthetic experience widely (paper books, music) *by and large* operates to *reduce* the number and quality of esthetic opportunities in the total environment. At the same time it encourages attitudes towards matters of beauty that are superficial, tawdry and cash-oriented. The esthetics of affluence, therefore, are characteristically *elementary* and *blatant*.

For anyone who feels this is an overstatement, five minutes of TV watching are recommended.

Yet the state of affluence itself is not to blame, but rather the continued application of scarcity attitudes and behavior patterns to a situation in which they no longer have any bearing. When, in the Galbraithian sense, the affluent society succeeds in turning away from its nineteenth-century fixation on the utility-profit theme, and achieves some kind of balance with human, public service and cultural activities conducted *for their own sakes*, there will perhaps be a new flowering of esthetics, the greatest the race has yet seen; there is reason to hope that the truly affluent society can afford beauty, too.



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# GOLDWATER and COLORADO U.

*by Lawrence G. Weiss*

*Boulder, Colorado*

MORE THAN a month has passed since Gary Althen, an Honors student at the University of Colorado, was summoned from a sociology class by the university president and fired as editor of *The Colorado Daily*. But the case is still alive and unlikely to die. It has left its mark on the university and the state and on the consciences of those who were involved in it. It has perplexed many students, disturbed and divided the faculty and alienated some faculty members from the university president.

But, more than that, it has threatened to bring the University of Colorado to a stopping place—if not a turning point—in its drive to become a "great university." And it has raised, for the whole academic world to contemplate, the question of whether any university operated and financed by a state and subject to state political pressures can become a "great university" in the fullest sense of the phrase.

If ever a university president set out with vigor and determination to build his institution into a "great university," Quigg Newton of Colorado — a Yale-educated lawyer and former mayor of Denver—was the man. Before his arrival in 1957, the university had reposed beside the foothills of the Rocky Mountains in Boulder—thirty miles from Denver —for eighty years without creating any stir in the academic world. It was known as a "party school," where rich men's sons and daughters from the Midwest came to ski in the winter and play in the mountains in the summer.

In five and a half years under Newton, the whole character of the University of Colorado has undergone a radical change. Outstanding scholars and bright young researchers have been added to the faculty, and salaries increased to retain the best teachers on the campus. Publications and research were expanded, new programs of study launched, scholarship standards raised. The whole tone of the campus grew more serious and intellectual.

IN THE new intellectual ferment among the students, the award-winning campus newspaper, *The Colorado Daily*, has been a powerful influence. Instead of confining itself to the affairs of the fraternity houses and the football team, it moved boldly into the field of national and international news, into the arena of ideas and controversy.

Under Newton, the newspaper was left largely alone to go its own way in the atmosphere of academic freedom that pervaded the whole campus. Academic freedom was, in fact, an indispensable element in Newton's concept of a "great university." Students were free to explore all ideas—including heresies—and professors were not confined to intellectual orthodoxies. An outstanding physicist who, in the 1940s, had belonged to the Communist Party was added to the faculty. Another former Communist was retained and rewarded for good work with higher salary. On the other hand, a conservative professor and "professional anti-Communist," who had criticized the Newton administration and threatened it with a lawsuit, was granted tenure.

But in Newton's efforts to make the University of Colorado "great," he encountered steadily mounting opposition. Arrayed against him were, first, the old-timers on the faculty who had to be moved aside to make room for distinguished new scholars and administrators with new plans and new drive. From the department heads who were replaced, the faculty veterans who were passed over when large salary increases were handed out, came false charges that the Newton administration practiced "favoritism" in behalf of liberals, Socialists or Democrats (Newton is a Democrat). Second, there were the Right-wingers on and off the campus, who had been complaining about Reds at the university for years and who now grew more vehement in their attacks. Third, there were the fraternity and sorority alumni who were upset by a 1956 ruling of the university regents giving the Greek houses six years to get rid of racial and religious discrimination or get off the campus. Since Newton was committed to this policy, he was looked on in some fraternity circles with suspicion and hostility.

And last, there were the supporters of big-time football, who were enraged when the university's regents, with Newton's support, fired a football coach who had won the Big Eight title and taken his team to the Orange Bowl. The coach had admitted that "illegal" payments were made to football players without the knowledge of the administration. Newton's view that a "great university" could not condone cheating did not impress the critics in the athletic crowd.

The charges leveled by these different groups were talked about throughout the state, aired in speeches and carried in Colorado newspapers. They were also brought to the floor of the Colorado Legislature, and provided the Republicans—including two Republican candidates for the university's Board of Regents—with tempting material for the 1962 political campaign.

WITH the approach of the 1962 election campaign, the hostility toward the university appeared to be moving toward a climax. It was in this atmosphere of pressure that Newton took steps which some observers regard as a retreat from his goal of greatness for the institution which he leads.

The first step was the decision not to enforce the regents' 1956 ruling against discrimination in fraternities and sororities. The six-year grace period given the Greek houses to comply with the anti-discrimination policy expired on September 1, on the eve of the political campaign. Of the thirty-eight fraternities and sororities on the campus, only one, Phi Delta Theta, had failed to comply. But on the basis of a minor concession by the Phi Delts, which left the possibility of compliance still

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two years away. Newton ordered a telephone poll of the six regents, who voted four to two to breach a policy that had been firm for six years and an important part of the concept of a "great university."

It seemed obvious that Newton chose to avoid enforcing the anti-discrimination policy not because he favored discrimination, but because he wanted to avoid unnecessary trouble with the fraternity alumni at a time when he expected more serious trouble from a number of other directions.

Then, on September 21, at the end of the first week of classes, two pieces in *The Colorado Daily* gave the Althen controversy its genesis and its shape. The first was an editorial, written by the editor himself, expressing the hope that the university's football team would lose all of its games in the coming season and thereby make it easier for big-time football to be abandoned in Boulder. The second, published as part of a weekly supplement, was a long, confused essay by Carl Mitcham, an angry young man studying philosophy, on Senator Barry Goldwater's book, *The Conscience of a Conservative*. The football editorial provoked immediate protests from students, sports fans, alumni, newspaper writers and a Republican candidate for the Board of Regents. The Goldwater essay went almost unheeded for four days. Then some Goldwater supporters on the campus, after wading through about 100 inches of Mitcham's prose, came upon this paragraph:

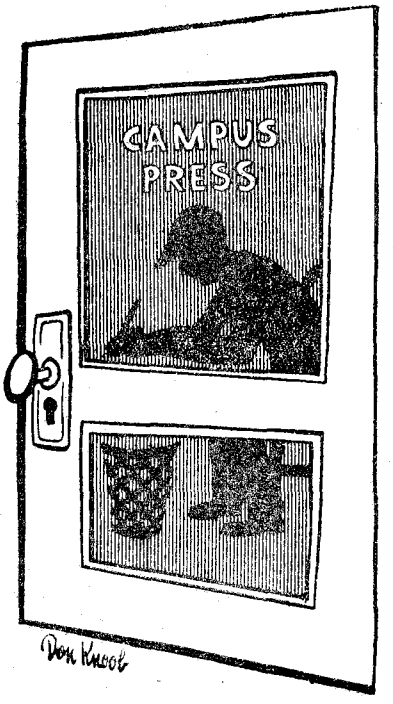
> Goldwater is the victim of forces outside himself—as were the men of Homer's *Iliad*—not because of fate, but because of the nature of violence. His delusion is his passion. Read for what he is—not as an abstraction or depersonalized politician—Barry Goldwater is a fool, a mountebank, a murder [sic], no better than a common criminal.

This paragraph also came to the attention of the Republican candidate for the Board of Regents, who issued a news release in protest. But neither Denver newspaper printed the story at this stage. It was not until the fifth day that the story broke in the general press with full fury.

That was the day the privately supported newspaper of the campus conservatives reported on page one that Senator Goldwater had been informed of the attack and was demanding an apology. With Goldwater himself in the picture, the general press speedily hopped onto the story. As the outcry mounted, Newton decided to send the Senator the demanded apology and to request the university Board of Publications, which oversees *The Colorado Daily*, to decide whether any action should be taken against Editor Althen. The board, after a hearing, sternly informed Althen that he had been guilty of printing libel and that libel could not be justified on grounds of freedom of the press, academic freedom or student inexperience.

Althen, after some resistance, was convinced. He had already wired an ambiguous apology to Goldwater. At the board's insistence, he sent a second and more profuse apology, acknowledging an error in judgment and promising not to sin again. The board then voted to keep him on as editor, and sent its own special apology to Senator Goldwater. (This was the fourth apology the Senator received.) Only Mitcham refused to apologize. He wired Goldwater he meant what he had said and challenged the Senator to sue him.

A fifth apology to Goldwater was sent by the Board of Regents on September 28. The regents deplored the editor's behavior and announced that it had ordered a study to be made of *The Colorado Daily* and its role in the university. But, like the Board of Publications, the regents made no move to fire Althen.




Even with five apologies, however, Senator Goldwater would not be appeased. Just when the affair appeared to be dying down and the university's critics appeared to be losing a good thing, the Senator came to their aid with a letter to Newton. "You either do not know what is going on at the university, or you don't care. . . ." he wrote. "To put it briefly, I doubt if you have the interest or concern to be in the position you hold."

Newton, who had been smarting silently under the stings of his critics for five years, sent back a bristling reply that struck hard at Goldwater and at some of his local foes at the same time. "You have made yourself the symbol of the suppressive forces which are waging an all-out assault on the university," he told the Senator. "It is always the same: 'Our way is the only American way. All others are un-American and subversive. You must silence those who do not agree with us.' Senator, I shall not silence them."

With this letter, Newton reached a summit of popularity on the campus. There was even talk in the state that Senator Goldwater had gone too far and that the university president had carried the field.

The optimists, however, had not reckoned with the pen of Carl Mitcham. On the very day that Newton published his reply to Goldwater, a fifty-one-inch letter by Mitcham explaining his earlier article was published in the columns of *The Colorado Daily*. Like his first effort, the letter was largely unheeded when it first appeared. But on October 8, the sixth day after its publication, a Denver newspaper informed its readers that Mitcham had referred to former President Eisenhower as an "old futzer."

Then the storm broke anew. The editorial writers leaped to the attack. Governor Steve McNichols and Senator John Carroll—both campaigning for re-election and both destined to lose—defended the good



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name of Eisenhower and rebuked the campus newspaper. The clamor for action against the newspaper and its editor mounted swiftly.

Sometime during that week—probably on October 11—President Newton decided that he and the university had had enough. He described Gary Althen privately to a faculty member as "an albatross around my neck." And before the week was out, he wrote a letter to the Board of Publications asking that Gary Althen be fired.

But Newton apparently found it almost as difficult to retreat as to stand firm. The university's Board of Publications refused to fire Althen. The regents failed to act on his proposal that the newspaper be put under the control of the College of Journalism. When a group of students, at Newton's suggestion, tried to persuade Althen to resign voluntarily, the editor, after an all-night session, stood his ground and refused. The Faculty Senate, by substantial votes, tabled both a motion recommending that Althen be fired and a motion recommending that he be censured. But the faculty—with many of its members unwilling to have Newton resign—also passed a motion expressing confidence in the president's ability to handle the case in the future.

On October 17, the morning after the Faculty Senate meeting, Newton called the editor to his office and fired him.

NEWTON and his supporters at the university take the position that it is wrong to use a newspaper for personal abuse and name-calling, especially when the newspaper is supported by compulsory student fees, as is *The Colorado Daily*. By committing this wrong, they say, Althen proved he was irresponsible and deserved to be fired. He was also hurting the university by making it the target of public wrath.

But a number of students and faculty members view the Althen case in another light. Their views can be summarized this way:

Although Althen would have been a better editor if he had not allowed name-calling to creep into his columns, his offense was a relatively minor one. Neither Goldwater nor Eisenhower was injured by it. Newspapers all over the country have indulged in name-calling since the dawn of American journalism, and campus newspapers have been chronic offenders.

The campus itself testified to the triviality of Althen's offense by ignoring the Goldwater reference for four days and the Eisenhower reference for six. (Newton himself had discussed the "old futzer" letter with Althen the day after it was published and had made no complaint at the time.) A member of the Board of Publications, who voted to fire Althen, had earlier told a newspaperman that the "old futzer" phrase wasn't worth bothering about.

Newton fired Althen, the president's critics are convinced, not because the campus thought the editor had sinned, but because the newspapers and politicians outside the campus thought so. The president left the verdict to an outside jury, instead of resting the case with the university and accepting the outcome of its procedures and rules.

The Althen firing—in the view of these students and faculty members—thus made a mockery of campus due process. The Board of Publications, set up under the university rules to handle such cases, ruled on three separate occasions that Althen should not be fired. The regents of the university failed to do the firing, and the faculty refused to recommend it. [Nor, it appears, had Senator Goldwater actually demanded disciplinary action, as reported in first accounts of the incident—accounts which formed the basis of a *Nation* editorial, "The Sensitive Senator," in the October 20 issue. Senator Goldwater has informed us that he never demanded an apology, nor did he demand either Mitcham's expulsion or the removal of Althen as editor. But it should be pointed out that *The New York Times*, on October 6, reported that the apologies had satisfied neither the Senator nor his supporters.—Ed.]

However, Newton now took the matter into his own hands. The campus had rendered a verdict, but the outside world demanded a victim, and Newton threw Althen to the lions.

People outside the campus had made Gary Althen the symbol of all their suspicions about the university and all their grievances against it. They saw his behavior as proof that the university fostered radicalism and irresponsibility. And they wanted Althen fired as much for the football editorial and another editorial, advocating Red China's admission to the UN, as for the name-calling.

Newton did not take official cognizance of these two editorials, but he bowed to the will of those who did. He set out to halt "irresponsibility," not to silence unpopular views—but the unpopular views have been muted in the process. *The Colorado Daily* has become a bland newspaper. Some university people fear—and others hope—that the University of Colorado will become a bland campus.

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# LETTERS

*(Continued from inside cover)*

wise excellent article, Professor Bolton concludes that "the United States emerges with a *moral* triumph of major proportions" from the recent events relating to Cuba.

J. H. Aitchison
*Halifax, N.S.* Dalhousie University

### No Allegory Intended

*Dear Sir:* Terry Southern's review of William Golding's *The Inheritors* [Nov. 17 issue] reveals an ignorance both of Golding's career and of his literary intentions. *The Inheritors,* which Southern apparently thinks is a new novel, was published in England in 1955.

Golding's intention in *The Inheritors,* I take it, is to view the coming of modern man through the eyes of the Neanderthals, who, unlike Homo sapiens, are not tainted with Original Sin. To call the novel allegorical befogs Golding's intention. One might just as well call an earlier work with a similar intention (albeit written on a much larger scale), Milton's *Paradise Lost,* an allegory. Borrowing a psychological jargon word, Southern asks if the reader can "identify with a Neanderthal man." The question is absurd; does Milton ask us to "identify" with Chaos and ancient Night?

John S. Lewis
Kansas State Teachers College
*Emporia, Kan.*



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# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Africa: The Scholarly Scramble

***George Shepperson***

THE FIRST so-called Scramble for Africa, which divided up most of the continent among powers of Europe, is finished. Some African nationalists, such as Dr. Julius Nyerere of Tanganyika, speak of a second scramble under the conditions of the cold war. One may argue about the nature of this particular rivalry, but what is not in doubt is the existence of a third, and completely new, scramble: a rush of writers to stake out their claims in the fresh fields of African scholarship. It is a scholarly struggle, the prizes of which are not chiefs' marks on hastily concocted treaty forms, but the precious evidences of publication, by book or article, in hard-cover or paperback—anything to show that the author has brought back a little learned light from the Dark Continent.

It is understandable that this should be particularly marked in the field of history. In 1818, in his lectures on the philosophy of history at Berlin, Hegel expressed what has been for too long the typical attitude, calling Africa "the unhistorical, undeveloped spirit." It was time for a reaction against this idea that Africa, before the coming of the white man, had no history. But the speed at which it has taken place—barely a decade, paralleling the rapid rise of thirty independent African states—may make the reader, faced with the flood of paper on Africa, feel not that Africa has no history but that it now has too much.

Other excesses of this new scramble are apparent: the new "Partition of Africa," the "Ph.D. partition"; the tendency to romanticize the pre-European past; the political nature of some of the scholarship. Russian scholars, for example, having concentrated their attention for thirty years on the Asian part of the colonial world as the most important for the Revolution, have shifted suddenly to the African; and the first volume of a history of "Black Africa" by Endre Sík, published by the Hungarian Academy of Sciences last year, declares that this "confirms brilliantly" the theses of Marx, Lenin and Stalin. (Why does this list omit Engels, who is still uniformly in favor among Marxist ideologists—unlike Stalin, whom it includes?)

THERE is also the danger of a new kind of historical isolationism. The necessity of close-focus scholarship on many of the neglected problems of African history, together with the enthusiasm for novelty and the over-rapid institutionalization of "experts," tends to fix the gaze of some scholars too firmly on Africa itself, to the exclusion of the wider world in which the answers to many of the continent's historical problems are to be found. It is curious that the laudable ambition to destroy the myth that the "Dark Continent," until the coming of the white man, was cut off from the rest of the world and contributed nothing to it threatens, under these circumstances, to create a sort of historical isolationism for Africa.

Above all is the danger that the general reader—and a number of over-specialized scholars—will come to the conclusion that nothing worth reading on African history has been written until now. They should realize that the young scholars of today are building on the work of the past. Such work may often have been produced in isolation, was often neglected and could draw on none of the financial assistance (the enthusiasm of the foundations) and documentary resources (the opening of important archives and private collections since the Second World War) now available to scholars. Nevertheless, these studies occupy an honorable place in the historiography of Africa.

The mention of but a few names from America will not only substantiate this statement but also, one hopes, destroy another legend: that scholarly interest in African history was rare in the United States until recently. The fact is that, if America was not exactly bursting at the seams with historians of Africa before the new vogue, American writers (some of them not professional historians) gave the lead to other parts of the world in several fields of African history. Raymond Leslie Buell's massive two volumes of 1928, *The Native Problem in Africa,* provide essential material on which all students of administrative and political history of Africa must draw. Every writer on the history of West Africa and its links with America and the Caribbean is indebted to the work of Melville J. Herskovits. And, if its chief impact has been felt among the intelligentsia of the new African nations, the contribution of the Negro History movement in the United States, through such works as *The Journal of Negro History,* the writings of W. E. B. Du Bois and Monroe N. Work's *Bibliography of the Negro in Africa and America* (1928), has had a greater influence on the general study of African history than is commonly appreciated.

Even this very selective chronicle of pre-Scramble writers on African history must add a few names from other parts of the world: from France, for example, Maurice Delafosse whose *Haut-Sénégal-Niger* of 1912 is the foundation of the historiography of much of modern West Africa; from Germany, Justus Strandes' 1899 *Die Portugiesenzeit von Deutsch- und Britisch-ostafrika* (translated into English in 1961 as *The Portuguese Period in East Africa*), a pioneering study of the Lusitanian epoch of East African history; from Britain, E. W. Bovill's *Caravans of the Old Sahara* (first published in 1933, reissued in 1958 as *The Golden Trade of the Moors*), which opened the eyes of many readers to the fact that the Sahara was not as wide a gulf between sub-Saharan and Mediterranean Africa as was too often supposed, and the fundamental books of Sir Reginald Coupland on East and Central African history; and, from Africa itself, the works of South African historians like W. M. Macmillan and C. W. de Kiewiet and the collection of traditional histories by West Africans such as S. O. Johnson's 1921 *The History of the Yorubas.*

VIEWED in this light, it may be said that, although the graph of publications on Africa has risen sharply during the last decade, it was not exactly horizontal in the prewar period.

A little cynicism, then, about the current scholarly scramble for Africa is not unmerited. But the general reader must be warned against taking this too far. For all its excesses and immaturities, the wave of present-day historical scholarship on Africa is washing away many old prejudices. As the reasons for the technical backwardness of Africa are explained in their detailed historical con-

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texts, and the nature of its states and cultures is shown in all its chronological and environmental complexities, the picture of Africa as the "mother of monsters," the progenitor of a special breed of inferior people, which has dominated the white world at least since medieval times, will be slowly but surely destroyed. The effect of this on the achievement of harmonious race relations is obvious. Furthermore, research in depth into African history—which means, of course, not only the study of those current favorites, political and economic history, but also of the cultural past of Africa in its widest sense—may well reveal a special contribution of its peoples to the history of mankind. Africa will at last be brought within the bounds of what Hegel called "universal history," admission to which has been so long denied her, not only to the detriment of Africa but of those who have been responsible for the denial.

The new study of African history, therefore, must be encouraged for practical reasons. And if one believes that the study of history is its own justification, the new wave of scholarship will need no additional commendation — though there is needed, perhaps, a word of warning against the inevitable bandwagoners who have sprung up in its midst.

When the current demand for bibliographies, hastily assembled collections of too readily available documents, surveys, digests, and rapidly produced synopses has been satiated, the fashionable historian is likely to find that the conditions of the new scramble are too much for him. The difficulties of serious work on African history are too profound for the fair-weather sailors of scholarship. Like the participants in the first Scramble for Africa, they will find that it is one thing to grab a piece of territory but another to develop it.

THE fundamental difficulty of African history is that of sources. Before the coming of the European conquerors, most African peoples south of the Sahara—and in many instances in the desert itself and even on the northern shores—had no script for their languages. Thus, there are almost no written records (with some exceptions in Arabic) for this period. Under these arduous conditions, a number of alternative techniques for dating and delineating African history have been developed: linguistic analysis, the collection of oral traditions, elaboration of standard archaeological methods, the analysis of blood groups, the examination of crop distribution, and the study of African art. A convenient guide to the latest uses of most of these techniques is to be found in the report of the Third Conference on African History and Archaeology (London University, 1961), which forms a complete issue of the *Journal of African History* (III, 2, 1962).

Even in the period after the European conquest of Africa, there are serious problems of sources. Until the habit and the facilities for writing had been developed among an African elite, most of the records of the desperately complicated process by which the indigenous peoples of the continent were forced into fresh states and introduced to the new worlds of industrialism, nationalism and bureaucracy were the work of white men: soldiers, administrators, missionaries, traders and engineers. The African viewpoint, therefore, cannot be readily identified for the first half-century at least of the European partition of Africa. And even when the technique of writing had spread to Africans, it is difficult to find adequate records for the history of such essential elements in the story of modern Africa as the rise of nationalism, the development of an African middle class and the growth of a labor movement. Many of them have been lost or destroyed in the highly non-academic process of creating African political parties. What records do survive of these important forms of African self-expression are often disappointing for the historian, because so intense have been the practical difficulties of establishing political parties, trade unions or businesses that the Africans involved in them have had little time to develop orderly habits of saving their records for the independent African archives of the future. And in the archives already in existence, the repositories of the colonial powers, many essential documents are missing. Not all the holes in these records are the work of those old enemies of preservation in Africa, climate, white ants and lassitude; some were made deliberately by partisan curators.

YET, in spite of all these problems at all levels of the time-scale, what is remarkable is not what records have been lost but what survive. To discover these, however, often requires a persistence akin to that of the explorers of the darkest days of the Dark Continent.

Just as these explorers—even the Livingstones, the most self-sufficient of them—could not advance without an elaborate network of assistance from many quarters, it is becoming increasingly clear that the writing of African history depends on the collaboration of many scholars and specialists, not all of whom will be professional historians. This is obvious for the early days of Africa, as the use of radioactive carbon dating techniques illustrates. It seems equally necessary for the nineteenth and

## Leader

**A snap of fingers**
**quick as a whip**
**silenced us**
**rowdy**
**after the bell rung**
**we muttered with no word**
**obscenities**
**and we evened the score**
**at least**
**he could not**
**quiet our thoughts**
**though his black eyes**
**probed**
**our black thoughts**
**Yet**
**at his desk**
**giving polite orders**
**quietly**
**quietly**
**he grew more awesome**
**taller**
**a gentlemanly**
**god**
**and urchins**
**we dug at our poor minds**
**to find something**
**to please him**

***Joseph Joel Keith***



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twentieth centuries. An impressive example of this is the important contribution which has been made, not only to the story of European penetration into South and Central Africa but also to the knowledge of the African peoples of those areas in the mid-nineteenth century, by the social anthropologist, I. Schapera. His meticulous and exemplary editing of a hitherto unpublished mass of the papers of the great Scottish explorer—*David Livingstone: Family Letters, 1841-1856, Livingstone's Private Journals, 1851-1853* and *Livingstone's Missionary Correspondence, 1841-1856* (University of California Press)—will be relied upon heavily by all future historians of South and Central Africa. They could have been assembled only by a social anthropologist with a detailed knowledge of the areas they serve.

IN similar fashion, political scientists, turning their attention to more recent fields, are providing essential material for the historian of Africa. Two admirable examples are James S. Coleman's *Nigeria: Background to Nationalism* (University of California Press) and David Apter's *The Political Kingdom in Uganda* (Princeton University Press). Indeed, in the collaboration of a historian and a political scientist — George Bennett and Carl G. Rosberg's *The Kenyatta Election: Kenya, 1960-1961* (Oxford University Press) — it is possible to notice the beginning of a trend whereby academic specialists rush to the spot to save something from the much-vaunted wind of change in Africa.

If, as in this instance, the historian seems to be emulating the journalist, the new historiography of Africa is increasingly attracting the attention of journalists. Because the journalist is less hesitant to put pen to paper than the professional historian, he is — especially when he is ready to take the academician's advice — in a good position to provide readable, working syntheses of the latest scholarship. Outstanding in this respect are the two books by Basil Davidson: *The Lost Cities of Africa* (Little, Brown) and *Black Mother* (Little, Brown), excellent introductions, respectively, to the pre-history of Africa and to the impact of the European slave trade on its peoples.

For more recent events, the journalist with a historical sense is often in a position to acquire and analyze materials which the professional historian is slower to assimilate. A good example of this is the book by the *Observer's* Commonwealth correspondent, Colin Legum: *Pan-Africanism. A Short Political Guide* (Praeger), the historical sections of which offer the historian of modern Africa a challenge. As Mr. Legum rather mildly puts it, in the introduction to his study of the complicated ideological phenomena which are all too often carelessly bracketed under "Pan-Africanism": "Much more work requires to be done by our academic colleagues who have so far largely neglected this field of study."

Of course, the new focus on Africa produces a journalistic as well as a scholarly scramble. It would be embarrassing to both writer and reader to dwell on the deficiencies of many of the hasty journalistic works now cascading from the bookshops and book clubs; in any case, their limitations are not difficult to spot. What is not so readily apparent, either to the scholar or to the intelligent general reader, is the contribution which the journalist has made and will continue to make to the serious study of African history, if he is not scared away from the subject by academic snobbery.

But although the new history of Africa will not be the work of the professional historian alone, it is only he, in the long run, who can provide the fundamental research and set the standards for it. Three years ago, a *Journal of African History* started publication. Its six numbers show that these standards are already well established. The editors, Roland Oliver and J. D. Fage, have recently produced a Penguin *Short History of Africa* which is an admirable antidote for those suffering from the wearisome proliferation of African paperbacks.

IN THE future, however, it is to the native-born historian of Africa that readers will increasingly turn. Already, from such works as K. O. Dike's *Trade and Politics in the Niger Delta, 1830-1885* (Oxford University Press) and S. O. Biobaku's *The Egba and their Neighbours, 1842-1872* (Oxford University Press), it is clear that they will not turn in vain. Yet the very rise of independent African states, which has provided such a stimulus for the new historiography, may, at least for some time to come, curtail the supply of native-born historians. The newly independent states — unlike many of the older nations — do not neglect history: indeed, as the project in Ghana for an *Encyclopaedia Africana* demonstrates, they are often acutely aware of the necessity of history. But their urgent demands for more administrators and the financial rewards which such positions offer scoop up many university graduates who, in less hectic circumstances, might have considered becoming historians. It is ironical that black Africa, which has struggled so hard to free itself from the white man's ideological shackles, may be forced to rely for some years ahead on white historians for the essential knowledge of its past. However sympathetic these may be — and they are not all noted for their sympathy to African aspirations — and however well equipped, they must suffer under the limitations of foreigners.

Yet Africa has a way of surprising people. The view that something new is always coming out of Africa is as old as Ptolemy. It could be, then, that, just as the first Scramble for Africa stung the Africans to political reaction, the new scholarly scramble will stimulate them, in spite of all the day-to-day demands of government, to make time and provision for an increasing number of their own historians. Then Africa could come home to itself again.


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# The City Haters

*THE INTELLECTUAL VERSUS THE CITY: From Thomas Jefferson to Frank Lloyd Wright.* By Morton and Lucia White. Harvard University Press and M.I.T. Press. 270 pp. $5.50.

***Elias S. Wilentz***

EVERY city lover knows to his dismay that dislike and distrust of cities is deeply rooted in America. The Whites have set as their task the defining of this anti-city attitude by our nation's statesmen, philosophers, writers, sociologists and architects. By examining the anti-urbanism of leading intellectuals from colonial times to the present, they hope to search out what this opposition had in common and, finally, what implications it has for the present situation of American cities. Morton White is professor of philosophy at Harvard; Lucia White has a practical background in social work.

The matter is far from academic. We daily see our cities being dismembered by highways, chopped apart for housing projects, bulldozed into sterile zones of housing, industry and culture. So serious are the onslaughts that they are driving even lifelong city lovers into the country!

Anti-city attitudes are nowhere so evident as in present-day city planning and urban renewal. Despite the historic examples of Greece, the Renaissance city-states and European civilization centers such as London and Paris, city life continues to carry for many the aura of Biblical expulsion from that true source of life's virtues, the country. Towering apartment projects are built in the heart of cities but surrounded with grass and trees. Supposedly, this encircling charm of the "garden," from which only goodness can flow, will ban the evils of the surrounding city.

Underlying much "slum clearance"—aside from obvious profiteering—is this fear of the older, gardenless parts of the city. These aged amalgams of small houses, narrow streets, local stores and ght industry are considered to be repsitories and creators of crime, gangs, dinquency, alienation, school "dropou," rapists and muggers. (Yet witnes the multi-million-dollar social work progam for New York's vast "slum-cleared" lower East Side projects, recently set up to deal exactly with these social collapses.)

The more extreme of our present-day anti-urbanist planners would do away with cities entirely as outmoded vestiges of laissez-faire economics and waring fortress-states. Theoretically, small garden cities made by dispersing the real city over the landscape will do away with war and poverty.

THE WHITES discern in America's intellectual history two patterns of criticism of cities. The first decrees that cities are too civilized: man removed from nature becomes less human, operates solely from the mind and forgets his heart. The second argues that cities are not civilized enough, for they have failed to eradicate slums, racial and ethnic conflict, crushing poverty and human degradation.

Starting with the colonials Franklin, Crèvecoeur and Jefferson, the authors progress to Emerson and Thoreau, to Melville, Hawthorne and Poe, and then to Henry Adams, Henry James and William Dean Howells. They discuss Frank Norris and Theodore Dreiser, William James and Jane Addams together in a chapter titled "Pragmatism and Social Work"; the sociologist Robert Park and philosopher John Dewey are shown on common ground in "The Plea for Community." After an "aside" on Royce and Santayana, the Whites conclude this section of the book with the architect Frank Lloyd Wright.

This is obviously an extensive history of ideas to summarize in just 199 pages, and it is understandable if the reader feels that the Whites have only skimmed the surface. A more serious criticism is that the authors have failed to explain satisfactorily why they place many of the intellectuals discussed in the anti-city camp. They seem to believe that an anti-urbanist is anyone who has ever found fault with conditions in cities (Theodore Dreiser preferred another city to New York, Henry James liked London better, and Frank Norris was more at home in San Francisco), aimed any criticism at city life (Herman Melville, who was really being skeptical of civilization in general, and was a lifelong New Yorker) or found any virtues in country living (Benjamin Franklin, the epitome of the American city businessman).

The reader is further confused upon discovering William James, Dewey, Addams and Park classed as anti-urban because each believed in establishing local neighborhood and community life within cities.

Who then is pro-city, according to the Whites? They single out Walt Whitman. Yet this New York poet was anything but aloof from city problems, as is vividly shown in his journalistic writings, "Wicked Architecture," for example. Nor did Whitman see any duality, as the Whites do, in both loving city life and exposing its contemporary faults.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the authors fail to come to grips with a true anti-urbanist, Thomas Jefferson. "Pure government," Jefferson contended in his *Notes on Virginia,* rested on a nation of independent farmers with the necessary mechanics, craftsmen and merchants. Industrial manufacturing cities, with their decadent rich and poverty-stricken "mobs," he saw as sores on the body politic. (Jefferson's later personal experiences with two notable New Yorkers, Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, were not such as to warm his heart to city people!)

THE WHITES dispose of Jefferson by pointing out that in his final years he "accepted" cities as necessary for the national survival of the United States. Yet any objective historian of American cities would find much that carried out Jefferson's warnings, a long disquieting story of political corruption, machine politics, bad management, oligarchic rule.

Jefferson argued for localized governmental responsibilities even in rural areas to insure the proper functioning of democratic government. A century later, sociologists sought to deal with urban collapse by proposing the Jeffersonian political concept of small social units, the visible neighborhood, as the building blocks of a city. It is echoed today by architect Percival Goodman in specific recommendations for patterning New York's administration on the Paris *arrondissement* system.

The Whites see such arguments as a sentimental desire to reinstall old-fashioned "village" sensibilities and as anti-urban.

Their city lover, presumably, must find city conditions to be beyond serious criticism, should hate villages and towns, prefer living in New York's Stuyvesant Town project, a non-neighborhood, to living in Greenwich Village, adore bigness in business and architecture, forswear any participation in street life or local community activities, and approve of political districting that bears no relation to existing communities.

With cities being destroyed all about

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*ELIAS S. WILENTZ, a New Yorker, is a member of a number of citizens' planning groups, and is presently chairman of the Social Action Committee of the First Unitarian Church, Brooklyn. Mr. Wilentz is an owner of the Eighth Street Bookshop, Greenwich Village.*



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us by the imposition of exactly this kind of sterility, the Whites ignore the nature of this crisis to put forward three "great" city problems: the education of its residents and integration of its minority groups; the fostering of individual personality concerned with more than commercial values; the increase of understanding among people of different occupations, colors, classes and creeds. But these are national problems, and far from peculiar to cities.

Cities do have unique problems that grow out of their unique virtues—the necessity to maintain and enhance diversity, variety, age, growth, charm, intimacy, excitement, street life, freedom, artistic activity, intellectual stirrings, individuality, crowds of people, a multitude of businesses of all sizes, neighborhoods, low rents, beauty, cheap mass transportation, and so on. In short, to plan in cities the very things that make cities great, recognizing these special urban qualities as distinct from those of towns or suburbs, which have their own graces.

Against this appeal, the city lover will find to his dismay the following closing sentences from the Whites: "The wilderness, the isolated farm, the plantation, the self-contained New England town, the detached [?] neighborhood are things of the American past. All the world's a city now and there is no escaping urbanization, not even in outer space."

At last the cat is out of the bag. The Whites are neither pro-city nor anti-city: they belong to that new category —the supporters of the non-city. In the name of building cities, they would "citify" the entire countryside, so that in the "Utopian" climax the American landscape will be one unending project, or lines of look-alike "cities," populated in their entirety by good middle-class, non-bohemian types.

This is simply authoritarian nonsense disguised as "planning." We of the city must work to protect our wilderness areas, beaches, villages, towns from these new-day disciples of Robert Moses, for the very sake of city living. And we must fight off so-called urbanists who would turn cities into joyless and lifeless non-cities—virtuous projects surrounded by grass, but which breed not virtue but dullness of spirit, which prohibit growth and individuality, which close the door on spontaneity and change, and which carry man further down the path of dehumanization.

Good, lively, wonderful cities to live in are not necessarily here to stay, even though the housing of masses of people is. City lovers have to deal with both problems as one, or by default there may be lots of housing but no good, lively, wonderful cities to live in.

# The Hell-Bent Life

*BURN, KILLER, BURN!* By Paul Crump. Johnson Publishing Company, Inc. 391 pp. $4.95.

***Elmer Gertz***

A NEGRO boy in the Morgan Park area of Chicago zooms through life like an evil comet. In less than twenty years, he experiences many of the good and most of the bad sensations that this world offers both the weak and the strong. Testing everything feverishly if not deeply, he finds the world bad, and leaves it, mourned but unmourning.

In its way, this novel closely parallels the life of its author. For nine years Paul Crump was under sentence of death in the Cook County Jail at Chicago. Then, after a nationally publicized agitation in his behalf, his life was spared by Governor Kerner, who stated that society would gain nothing by his death. Guilty or innocent of the particular murder for which he was condemned, Crump had come to the jail as a snarling savage of twenty-two and had left (to go to the penitentiary) as a civilized man with high aims in life, which he may yet realize (despite his 199-year sentence). He had begun and finished the novel without knowing if it would ever be published or if he would live to turn its printed pages.

The novel is not autobiographical in the sense that everything faithfully follows the Crump case. But it would be wrong to treat it simply as a first novel by an unexpected writer. *Burn, Killer, Burn!* is a social and psychological document, and as such has far greater value and makes a far stronger impact than the ordinary first work of fiction. It is autobiographical in the sense that no one in Crump's position could possibly divorce himself from his environment or from a realization of where his reaction to it inevitably led him. This is a case study of one black boy, born in a ghetto and made to realize at every turn of the social screw that his opportunities are circumscribed by his color. His life was twisted and distorted further because, the deeply religious son of a clergyman, he was deserted by his father who went whoring through Babylon and left a wife and a dozen kids to survive as well as they could. The son fought the memory of his father by emulating him in many ways.

THE STORY is of sex, narcotics, sports, super-excitation in every distorted form. It all tends toward the night; nobody in this black hell-hole can live in the light. The laughter, rare at best, is bitter always. There are leers, snickers, sneers; seldom the guffaws and natural gaiety of happy people.

Crump has a wonderful gift for capturing the sights and sounds of the slums. You can hear the raucous voices of the young hoodlums, hell-bent upon self-destruction. He never resorts to mere palaver; his book always speaks

*ELMER GERTZ, a Chicago lawyer, is the author of* The People vs. the Chicago Tribune, American Ghettos *and other books.*


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with the authentic voice of a segment of Black America. Of course, this is not the whole world—even of the ghetto. Neither Crump nor the protagonist of this story ever saw that other part of the world in which men and women could dream and create. One cannot be sure where the fault lies—was it with Crump or with the world?

The book should live as an important record. Its life as a novel is less certain. It bogs down at times in a kind of wild obscurity. Crump is still finding himself as a writer. He has a real gift that should be encouraged, but prisons are not intended for such purpose. The rules forbid his publishing anything more until his day of freedom, if that day ever arrives. Behind bars he may write as much as he pleases. This book is important, among other reasons, for its foretaste of what he may do in the future. It is unnecessary to be objective about *Burn, Killer, Burn!* There is no point in trying to forget that it is written by Paul Crump. One will read it profitably with the history of its author constantly in mind.

# LETTER from BROOKLYN

## *Leslie Katz*

JUST as much for Brooklyn as for Venice, the civic center of a city may be said to express the unconscious of the culture that produced it. The architectural complex around the town hall of a town is a visual consensus summing up cultural forces, a central place where considerations of business, government and civil felicity have to come to terms with one another. The result is a composite of the values that have triumphed. In Venice it is the Piazza San Marco, the Basilica and the Doges' Palace. In Brooklyn it is Borough Hall, the old Post Office, and the new Supreme Court Building, in a recently created setting of tree-lined open spaces, carved from land cleared of old business buildings.

The Center is located across the East River, just opposite the tip of Manhattan and bordering on Brooklyn Heights. Fortunately, the bulldozers were not given carte blanche. History, in the form of the post-colonial style Borough Hall, a small, attractive structure at the head of a small, grassy triangle, was the centerpiece to be preserved. It faces, a quarter of a mile away, the awesome perfection, architectural honor and almost sacred authority of the Brooklyn Bridge. Stripped of streetcar tracks and the apparatus of elevated trains, the bridge in recent years has been restored toward its original appearance — slim, spare, the arching road suspended by the tanned net of wires, and the stone towers, recently cleaned, transformed from dirty gray to a mottled tan tinged with pink.

The removal of the el in the Borough Hall section two decades ago revealed in the merciless sunlight a decrepitude so appalling that even the political machine was moved to decisive action. The result, as the master plan of renewal nears completion a generation later, may be summed up as not half bad. Architecturally, the overall effect of the Civic Center is laughable, which is to say, it has some character. It is awkward rather than primly ugly, and it has the virtue of providing a pleasant place to sit or stroll outdoors at the main crossroads, a place to take umbrage from traffic and walls.

The pleasure derives not only from the creation of new open spaces, but from the juxtaposition of old buildings and new. The existence and toleration of contrasting structures of various epochs is important. Three-dimensional history cannot be relegated to Disneyland or to the reconstructions of Williamsburgs. Old buildings gain new meaning in a contemporary environment. (A few weeks ago in Washington, the beautiful houses of Lafayette Square were saved at the last minute, and the Square itself rescued from high-rise office buildings, by the intelligent decision to build the new behind the facades of the old. Such intelligence is the best answer to the "start only from scratch" and "think only big" mentality that thrives in a milieu of brash extremity responding to boom needs. The detail is the microcosm of the whole, and the saving graces of vast new projects, if any, will be in attention to human details, human scale.)

THE NEW Brooklyn Center is essentially a series of three long and narrow tree-and-bench-lined parks that run from the Hall to the Bridge Plaza. The first of these, nearest the bridge and called Walt Whitman Park, is bordered on one side by the colorful though derelict lower Fulton Street, where blocks of old buildings will be torn down to make way for the Cadman Plaza housing project, probably to be designed in red brick, picture-window penitentiary style, matching the Concord Village project opposite. A large World War II Memorial that looks like a billboard made of stone, with two apathetic stone giants doing a television commercial for grief on either side, obstructs the view.

Inland, across a main traffic artery to the bridge, are the other two parks, each the front yard of one of the two principal public buildings. The Post Office is a respectable, solid, homely, four-story eighteen-ninety-renaissance pile of comfortably ornate stone, a combination chateau and fort, with a bell-less bell tower. Byzantine-type carvings, including foxes at grapes, surmount the marble pillars at the doors. (The Post Office hangs an annual art show by postal workers, and the postmaster writes signboard poetry addressed to patrons.)

Next door, a breathtaking sight, is the new Supreme Court building. It may have the distinction, externally, of being the ugliest new building in America. Imagine an old transatlantic liner with the prow and stern and funnels cut off, every line made straight, planted on open land. The building looks curiously incomplete, with ribbons of black stone joining the rows of windows, a gigantic flower planter without flowers.

Out front, however, real flowers grow in a circular plot, and the recently planted trees already this fall gave shade to Brooklyn citizens who sit almost dazed at the unaccustomed pleasure of a usable

## Masterindex: 14

**mother where do you hide him**
**where do you keep my father**

**I know you think if I'd have him I wouldn't know what to do with him**
**but its my privilege to have my father while I'm puzzled**

**don't you think mother we could hide him together**

**then after we decided what to do with him he would decide which of our decisions to choose**
**he would act just like a father**

**odd that anybody lifeless could act like a father**
**but all things are possible without a father**

***Gil Orlovitz***



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downtown park. With the fort of justice behind them, they contemplate the almost distant traffic and enjoy a perspective view of the tall office buildings of early vintage on Court Street, watch the Savings Bank of marble and glass being installed at the corner, in front of the big, square, black and gray Gas Company building just completed, with its electric imitation of a live gas flame a beauty spot at the top, and a few old-time gas street lamps set out on an intermediate roof.

Looking up the street, the sitters can also see the new Public Library Branch, a crazy pillbox from the outside. Inside, the library is spacious, brightly lighted and cheerful, if bare.

In the Civic Center parks, even far into November, the open air, the trees and the benches, lend an air of faint festivity to the fatigue of the citizens who find a moment of peace there.

At the chief and strategic spot, a rise of land between the Post Office and the court building, facing the main area, stands J.Q.A. Ward's statue of Henry Ward Beecher, with bronzes at the sides of the pedestal at his feet—three children, one a graceful Negro girl, offering him garlands. People sit and look at the statue, at the fine, political and public face of this manly ancestor, deep circles of flesh under his farseeing eyes, hat crushed in hand, watch fob protruding from the ample vest. Looking at the statue, the distant dream awakens that some day the exhaust fumes will be controlled and dispelled, the flat rooftops turned into public gardens and cafés. The faces of the people sitting now where Whitman went to work as editor of the *Eagle*, are Whitman faces yet, and one must admit, at the new Brooklyn Civic Center, the dream is not entirely dead.

# THEATRE

## *Harold Clurman*

TO PUT it fancily, *Little Me*, the new musical that Neil Simon, Carolyn Leigh and Cy Coleman have based on a novel by Patrick Dennis, mixes Bemelmans with burlesque at the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre.

The "Bemelmans" element is a cartoon satire of the American success story. An unwashed and barefoot baby doll from Venezuela, Illinois, seeking to be worthy of Noble Eggleston, the town's rich boy who studies both medicine and law at Harvard and Yale simultaneously, determines to acquire the necessary "culture, wealth, position."

Her rise takes her through marriage to a French hoofer named Poitrine (this gives her the gently Rabelaisian cognomen Belle Poitrine), the making of several idiot Hollywood colossals, the birth of an illegitimate child, First World War service in France, sundry *liaisons* (one with—minor—royalty), and finally the consummation of her romance with the noble Noble. In short, busty Belle has realized the American Dream. She has everything: "culture, wealth, position"—and a pianoforte that serves as a bar.

The first act takes care of the extravagant (or "technicolor") satire; the second act is out-and-out burlesque, each scene being a kind of blackout skit. It might strike the learned that after the first act the authors did not know exactly how to develop their material and therefore decided to run hogwild in the second. They were abetted in this by the peculiar talents of the show's star, Sid Caesar. Lucky authors! For Caesar can be very funny, and this reviewer (to speak like a daily critic) found the silly second act much the better part of the show. The nuttier the proceedings the better he liked it.

Sid Caesar's humor — at least the phase of it he exploits here — has a special Broadway and American-Jewish flavor. (No accent is needed.) It is a subtly "pathetic" humor, the key to which is the ineffable madness of the *accidental*. Every weird hazard—the climactic point of each episode—seems to have appended to it the unspoken but scenically articulate plea, "Would you believe it!"

For example, in one passage Caesar as Otto Schnitzler, a German movie director, demonstrates the action of a film sequence to two dumb actors. From a box containing the props to be used he takes out Cleopatra's "asp" and chucks it at the man playing the Pharoah. There is a gasp of horror. But, Caesar-Schnitzler chuckles, it is only a fake snake: would he use a real one on a star? Then the Kraut director illustrates Cleopatra's suicidal stabbing on himself with a dagger from the same prop box. He makes a few comments, whereupon, from the flush on his face and an astonished look of slow comprehension, a kind of mute and sad bewilderment, we realize that the hapless Otto has stabbed himself to death with a real dagger!

Caesar, who in this show has seven faces, is always doing himself some injury, coming to grief, *failing* in the most unexpected ways. Life is full of tricky abominations, beyond reason or belief, that balk normal expectations. They leave poor Caesar even more puzzled than pained, but thoroughly obliterated. This is the credulous and usually confident Caesar's perennial cross. Once in a long while—and here we have the ultimate irony—the machinery of fate reverses itself and the accident immanent in events produces a happy catastrophe: someone else is damaged and Caesar comes out unscathed or, better still, crowned with good fortune. The effect is always hilarious and also somehow "frightening." No matter which way the wheel turns, Caesar is dumfounded —immobilized in metaphysical wonder. Caesar's comedy, strange as it may appear to him and to us, is philosophical! It had me in stitches.

There are few other talents in the occasion of *Little Me* worth separate note. One or two of Bob Fosse's dance routines are clever, Robert Randolph has designed several amusing drops (not "sets"), Swen Swenson's solo dance displays a remarkably trained *musculature*, Nancy Andrews looks right as the mature Poitrine, Virginia Martin has neat legs, a proper figure and a deliberately terrible singing voice as the younger Poitrine. Present, too, are such side dishes as the elegantly attractive Else Olufsen as a tony social catch and Barbara Sharma, a fetching little redhead among the dancers.

But the show belongs to Caesar and to the surrealist antics which do not know their name!


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# FILMS

## Robert Hatch

SERGE BOURGIGNON'S *Sundays and Cybèle* is French romance at the highest pitch since Cocteau's mythological mysteries. Its atmosphere is built up of winter mist, fogged windows, reflections on water, the startling flight of birds; it broods in the German manner, though its touch is lighter. I kept feeling we might be in Vienna.

A reviewer must try to say what a picture is about and, with a work like *Sundays and Cybèle*, that is apt to rip the veil to pieces. Bourgignon's picture is essentially a fairy tale, involving a lost princess and a pure knight. In this instance, though, the princess is a child of twelve who has been abandoned by her mother, and by her father palmed off on the teaching nuns; and the prince is an aviator suffering from amnesia induced by the shock of having once seen, in the jungles of Indonesia, the face of a young woman caught in his strafing sights. Accidentally, he now assumes the role of the girl's father and each Sunday they wander, romp and dream together in the park. It is not a relationship the nuns could countenance, nor one that the aviator's nurse-mistress would approve; there is nothing furtive about it, but the fact remains that it is secret.

There is the added complication that the man is somewhat childlike because of his affliction and that the child is knowing beyond her years (she is the daughter of carnival folk) and driven to a sweet coquetry by the desperation of loneliness and desertion. He regresses to her youth, and very soon the outings take on the color of a make-believe romance in a world filled with private meanings. It is very pure and perilously unreal.

The real world that surrounds the man and the child is, of course, not particularly pure; it is horrified by the implications of their affection, and pursues in earnest a pair living in magic. The ensuing tragedy is brutal and irrevocable.

On Christmas eve the bemused couple celebrate in the snowy and deserted park. He has brought a tree (trimmed and lighted through the celebrating streets) and on it she hangs a little box containing her dearest possession — her name. At school she is not called Cybèle, it being pagan. He in turn climbs the church steeple to bring her the gold cock, which she has coveted as the most unattainable object in their small world. How could all this fail to end badly?

*Sundays and Cybèle* is sweet and moving, but somehow it does not touch the heart very intimately. The reason may be that it is really too complex and particularized for this sort of fantasy. The hand of the narrator is evident, coincidence is shrewdly plotted. It seems made in the head, not in the heart, and one thinks about it instead of feeling. Nevertheless, it does haunt the mind.

*DIVORCE ITALIAN STYLE* has broken through to the popular audience, and no wonder. It is wickedly funny and completely unscrupulous, and so at the opposite pole to the pasteurized neighborhood offering. The title itself is a joke, since there is no divorce in Italy. Consequently, the hero, infatuated by his provocative niece (she sleeps semi-nude with the blinds undrawn), must maneuver his cloying wife into a situation where he can kill her in vindication of his honor. The film is set in Sicily, where a man's honor (and that of all his family and their retainers) is a matter for public concern and comment, and the hero has little difficulty in manufacturing an occasion that can be corrected only by murder. He gets away with it, of course, gets his undulating niece as a reward, and is clearly soon to be cuckolded again — and this time without his conniving.

I laughed — everyone does — but I was a little ashamed to do so. Lust and idleness, self-indulgence and the massacre of dupes, are such inappropriate subjects for humor that it is callous to respond. If we encourage this sort of thing, we may be treated to a film capitalizing on the risible antics of the insane.

There is some satire in the treatment of the Sicilian tendency to fume over other peoples' business, but I do not think the intention of the picture is satiric, or even particularly fanciful. Nor do I believe that it is intended to work for the liberalizing of Italy's marriage laws. It is, I think, a very funny joke in bad taste.

IS THE law more sacred than the particular life? Does the safety of society take precedence over the justice of the case? Does the end justify the means? Melville's *Billy Budd* is so filled with teasing chestnuts of this sort that I believe the only way to stage it is as grand opera. Then one can at least treat Billy as pure virtue and Claggart as pure evil and derive some cosmic drama from the encounter. Handled as a realistic costume spectacle, as in Peter Ustinov's production, it becomes a moralizing machine. Melville wrote out of anger, out of a belief in the sovereignty of the individual and the power of honesty to arrive at truth. We are less innocent. The conflict between what is known to be right and what is deemed to be necessary has become part of the air we breathe. The way to resolve a problem like the one presented in *Billy Budd* is not to attack it directly (it is frozen in its circumstances and will not yield), but to change the circumstances so that it will not recur. I don't pretend that in practice our society often takes this course, but we know the method. Justice cannot deal with real dilemmas (that is what a dilemma is), but it can be used to prevent them.

Played straight, *Billy Budd* is a brain teaser, and we do not need to fabricate these. So I say it should be sung. Or, in this case, it can be viewed as a handsome sea adventure.


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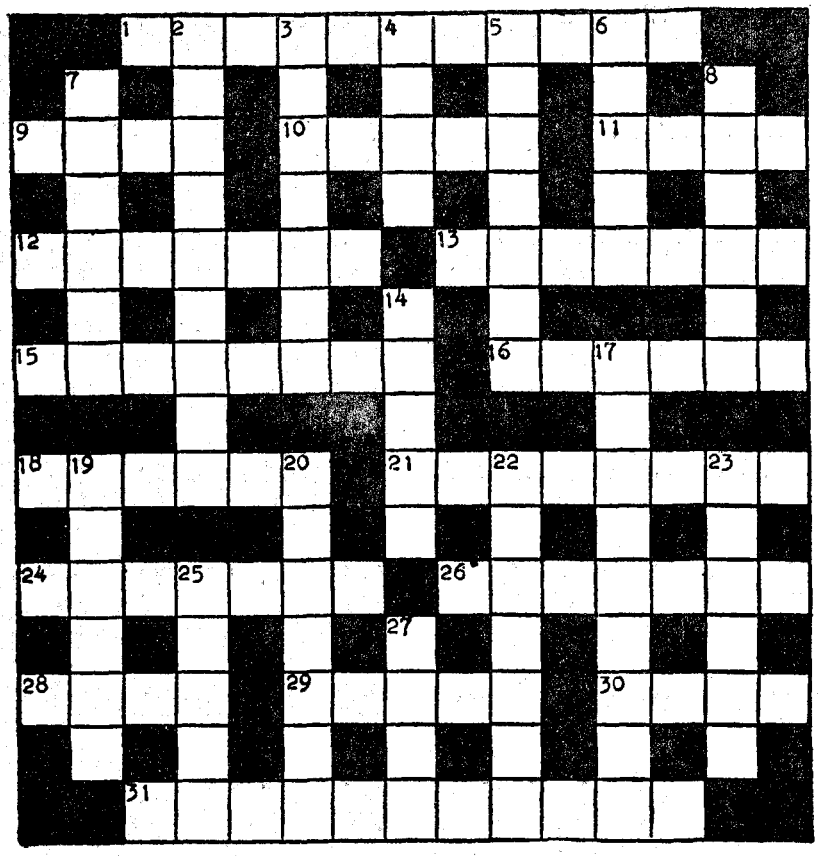
# Crossword Puzzle No. 988

**By FRANK W. LEWIS**



ACROSS:

1 "Famous Speeches by Famous Men"? (Important information about dates, as well!) (7, 4)
9, 24, 18 and 16 Did the first snake cause a mob scene? (4, 7, 6, 1, 5)
10 Meal, or ingredient thereof. (5)
11 See 28 across.
12 Does one talk about his forge work? (7)
13 Standards for those who try to suppress literature? (7)
15 Browning's were home-made. (8)
16 and 18 See 9 across.
21 Gets better results as one puts the top back. (8)
24 See 9 across.
26 See 7 down.
28, 29 and 11 across One might be in a radical position. (One can't win this way!) (4, 2, 3, 4)
30 Such creatures would go back to their rest, if there were quiet. (4)
31 Do such official evaluations prove there might be something valuable about Hitler's elite group? (11)

DOWN:

2 No longer practice in such a state. (9)
3 Are Freshmen incapable of having the last word? Pick yourself up! (7)
4 And this, et cetera, is not far off! (4)
5 Double fastener with a lady? (7)
6 Did this Britisher paint, or more likely write? (5)
7 and 26 Change the line-up with Mantle and Wills? (6, 7)
8 The deed of a sort of Oz-man who isn't in position to ride? (6)
14 There used to be lots of interest in this activity. (5)
17 The face of protection. (9)
19 Commonly stolen, but more likely to be caught. (6)
20 Seen, smelled, etc. (7)
22 Modern Army Bandits? (7)
23 Not quite done in such a manner? (6)
25 Nature's were peevish, according to Matthew Prior. (5)
27 Who said taxation without representation is tyranny? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 987

ACROSS: 1 Rathe; 4 Tight-rope; 9 Parthenon; 11 Sacred cow; 12 Extol; 13 Statistics; 17 Deliberate; 21 Under; 22 Inebriate; 23, 10 and 26 As old as the hills; 24 Leicester; 25 Treasured.

DOWN: 1 Repast; 2 Thrice; 3 Echoes; 4 Tent caterpillar; 5 Gone With the Wind; 6 Traverse; 7 Outstrip; 8 Eyeglass; 14 Adjutant; 15 Gladsome; 16 Obtrudes; 18 Breech; 19 Dactyl; 20 Hearts.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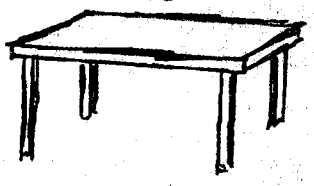
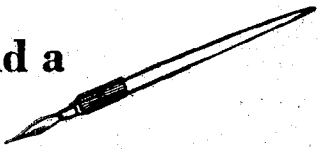
"Let your do the walking," goes the Yellow Pages' admonition. Our version is slightly different: "Let your fingers do the shopping." Take a , a  and a 

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